MAINE FARMER

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Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

THE MUCK HARVEST.

The present and past dry time has afforded to farmers an excellence chance to go into the swamps and low lands and dig muck and peat, and we are glad to see, as we pass along through different sections of the country, that there is an increased attention to this business.

Many muck holes or *mines* have been opened this summer which have been somewhat difficult to operate heretofore. Probably no natural source for manure is so available to the farmer as muck. It requires but a short time to prepare it for crops. If you have but few or no cattle, it can be prepared by composting it with ashes, or with lime slacked in salt water. The best way for the farmer who keeps cattle or other stock, is to use it as a bedding to his barn yards and hog sties. By being mingled with the droppings of cattle, sheep or hogs, it is decomposed and divided up, and in less than a year it is ready for use.

The quantity of muck which will convert into good dressing, is very large. The *Homestead* in making an estimate of this kind, says that from fifteen to twenty loads will be prepared by a single cow, ox or horse. A yearling swine, ten loads. According to this calculation, a farmer who has many cattle can work up a large pile in the course of a year, and a more profitable investment can hardly be made in the fertilizing line than to devote the labor of a couple of men and a team to *muck-mining* a month. In many places it can be dug out and left to be hauled up in winter by sledding.

We saw a good arrangement for working muck into an excellent fertilizer adopted by R. Bradley, Esq., of Brattleboro, Vt. He had constructed a new dwelling house on an elevation near the banks of the Connecticut. A short distance from it the ground falls off rapidly down to the river. On the side of this slope he had dug in and constructed a large brick cistern. All the slops and waste water from the house sinks, and outbuildings were conducted by underground pipes into this cistern. On the opposite side a pipe was laid for the outlet of these waters on to a flat on which is placed a large quantity of peaty muck. A gate or valve was attached to this last named pipe with its handle passing up through the lid of the cistern at its top. By raising the handle the pent up liquids were let out on to the muck, by which they were absorbed and thus converted to a valuable dressing. In this way, the contents of the cistern could be laid on or kept up at pleasure, while the drippings and drainings of sinks and privies, &c., &c., were all conveyed away out of sight, and kept out of the way and applied to a valuable use. Not a drop wasted.

Now a great many farmers could adopt this plan, and while they could thus keep what is a nuisance out of the way, make it highly beneficial to their farms.

IS CRIB BITING A DISEASE?

We had a query of this kind not long since in the *Farmer*, and in answer we ventured the opinion that it was induced by disease of some kind or other, and not a mere trick or idle habit of the horse. Since then we have seen a communication in the *Farmer and Gardener*, from Wm. L. Bailey, of Philadelphia, on this subject which goes to corroborate this view.

He says he has owned a very excellent horse for the last six years, which for the last three or four years has been an inveterate "cribber." Under the impression that he was injuring himself by "wilfully distending his stomach with wind," many things were resorted to in order to cure him of the "trick" or "vice." They all proved of little avail until he had the crib entirely cut away, leaving him nothing to bite on, and of course the practice ceased.

Not long after he observed an occasional cough produced with a very hard strain or spasmodic effort. After watching him for some time, Mr. B. came to the conclusion that the cough and the biting of the crib, were both efforts to relieve the pressure on the diaphragm, occasioned by the stomach being overloaded with carbonic gas. He then put the horse into a stall where he could indulge his old habit, and he has not been heard to cough since.

A NEW THEORY FOR POTATO ROT.

We have heard but little complaint in regard to the potato rot in Maine, this season, but accounts from abroad say that it has increased in England and Ireland. The last Genessee *Farmer* quotes from the Mark Lane *Express*, a new theory of this scourge, brought forward by J. Q. Rumball, an English chemist. He considers the immediate cause to be "electricity acting on the moist tubers enfeebled by many years of too rich cultivation."

It is said that by electrical experiments, he could produce electricity in the tubers at his pleasure. If this be the case, the remedy is obvious—plant something with them, a piece of iron, or charcoal for instance, that will convey away the electricity.

SPECIMENS OF GRAIN.

We have received from Robt. C. Pope, Esq., of Chesterville, (near Farmington Falls,) some fine specimens of a variety of winter rye, called Rome Rye. The heads are very long and the kernel very plump. The seed came to Mr. Pope from a friend in Ohio, and was originally brought from Canada.

Another variety received is called Egyptian Rye. It appears like a head of barley, and is undoubtedly a variety of bald barley, or rather of a bearded barley with a skinless kernel, as it shells out clean and handsome. We think the weevil would not trouble this variety as much as it does the beardless bald barley. It is a spring grain. We thank friend Pope for these samples, and shall give them a trial, and if he has any to spare would recommend them to others.

For the Maine Farmer.

CAN MAINE RAISE HER OWN BREAD.

Mr. Editor:—I believe the farmers of Maine may raise their own bread, and in proof, will state the result of my experience in wheat raising for a few years past:

My farm (in Baldwin, Cumberland Co.), is of a granite soil, on the southerly slope of a large hill. It abounds in boulders of coarse granite and loose stones of gneiss, affording an excellent basis for a strong soil and hard labor. I have raised but a small crop of either spring or winter wheat for eight or ten years past, with the exception of last year, and prefer winter wheat, as the labor of preparing the ground is done at a season when labor is less pressing than it is in preparing it for spring wheat. I believe the risk is no greater, if sowed sufficiently early and covered sufficiently deep for it to become so well rooted as not to be thrown out by the frost and winter killed. I have never seen any weevils in my winter wheat, and think spring wheat would escape the fly if sowed as early as possible. I have never raised less than fifteen bushels of winter wheat from one bushel of seed. Spring wheat has occasionally fallen short of that measure.

This season I have raised seventy five bushels of wheat, of the best quality, in three lots as follows:

1st. Twenty-six bushels of winter wheat, of the white bald variety, from one bushel of seed, on one acre, sowed in the first week of October last, and harvested July 25th. The weather in October being dry, it did not start well, and the ground not being well covered with snow in the winter, the prospect of a crop was not very encouraging this spring, but the June rains brought it forward and it filled out finely, producing as fair and plump a specimen of white wheat as any from the West. One bushel, by measure, of this wheat weighs 62 lbs. 14 oz.

2d. Nineteen bushels of spring wheat, of the variety called Java wheat, from one bushel of seed on three-quarters of an acre, sowed about April 25th on corn stubble plowed deep late in the fall previous and thoroughly pulverized. This variety of wheat I obtained in Augusta several years since. I prefer the white bald wheat, however, as I find it yields better and makes rather better flour. Weight per bushel 62 lbs. 6 oz.

3d. Thirty bushels of spring wheat, of the white bald variety, from three pecks of seed on 121 square rods, sowed April 25th, on corn stubble, being a part of the same field and prepared in the same manner as above described in lot No. 2. It was harvested Aug. 13 and 14.

The particular points which I think important are, the necessity of deep plowing, pulverizing the soil, early sowing, both of winter and spring seed, and covering winter wheat sufficiently deep to prevent it from being thrown out or killed by frost. I usually prepare the seed by soaking it twelve hours or more in water in which a quart of salt for a bushel of seed has been dissolved, and on pouring off the salt water, mix quick lime enough with the wheat to dry it. On a suitable soil I consider a bushel of sound seed sufficient. I have sometimes *plowed* in the seed for winter wheat to the depth of four to six inches with a light plow and then levelled it with a harrow or brush; to prepare it for mowing. I prefer to sow the grass seed in the spring on a light snow.

The crops of grain, of every sort, are unusually good this season, and with proper and seasonable preparation I am confident, from my own experiments, that the raising of wheat may be as sure and profitable, in the average, as other crops, and the amount of money now paid out for bread by farmers, saved by growing their own wheat, would be a great gain to themselves and an immense sum saved to the State. D. B.

East Baldwin, Aug. 30.

Note. We thank friend D. B. for the above views and facts. We never had any doubt that Maine could raise bread enough for herself and to spare. If she were isolated from other parts of the world, with no better advantages for doing it than she has now, it would be done every year.

Ed.

For the Maine Farmer.

TOBACCO—QUERY.

Mr. Editor:—I am raising a small patch of tobacco this year but do not know at what stage of its growth to cut it or how to cure it. Should it be cut when in full bloom, if not, when should it be cut, and what is the process of curing it? By informing me through the columns of the *Farmer* you will greatly oblige

A Farmer.

Bristol, Aug. 25, 1860.

Note. It is a long time since we have had anything to do with tobacco in any shape. In an earlier time of life we used to be conversant a little with raising it. We then used to give it a rich soil and pinch off all the flower buds so that the whole energy of the plant should be expended in forming large leaves. It was cut as soon as dull spots began to appear on the leaves, or, at any rate, as soon as there was change from frost. It is a tender plant and a slight frost will nip it hard. When cut it used to be dried in the shade by being spread in the barn or out houses. When dried the leaves were picked from the stalk and saved in bins or barrels, and "further the deponent saith not" for the very good reason that this is the extent of his knowledge in the premises. The preparing it for further use is a separate branch of business entirely. Our friend must take a trip into Connecticut or Massachusetts and learn the whole "craft and mystery" of *tobacco-raising*. In some parts of these States they are doing quite a business in raising and preparing it.—Ed.

Stewed Tomatoes.—Peel and cut in pieces eight large tomatoes; put them in a stew-pan with a teaspoon of salt, half as much pepper, and a piece of butter the size of a large egg; cover and cook an hour, then add a large tablespoon of rolled crackers or bread crumbs, and stew half an hour longer. Stir them often that they may not burn.

Green Corn Pudding.—Grate the corn from three ears of green sweet corn; beat five eggs light, and stir them into a quart of milk; add the corn, with a large teaspoon of salt, half a nutmeg, grated, and a teaspoon of lemon extract; add sugar enough to make it sweet, and bake an hour.

THE APPLICATION OF MUCK.

Inquiries are often made as to the uses of and modes of applying muck. Many of these queries are answered in the following article from the *Green Mountain Freeman:*

"August and September are favorable months for digging muck from the swamp, and piling it on dry land for future use. It is always a convenience to have such a pile of pure vegetable matter to draw from, there are so many ways in which the muck can be advantageously used in the manufacture of manure.

Muck is not only valuable for its vegetable matter, as food for plants, but also for its remarkable qualities as an absorbent. Next to pulverized charcoal, it is the most perfect absorbent of the liquids, gases and salts of manure that we can employ; and those most valuable portions of animal manure are precisely the parts most liable to slip away and become lost to the land and crops.

If we would gain the full benefits that may be derived from the use of muck, it is important that it be dug from the swamp and piled on dry land at least a month or two before using, and if it can lie in heaps for one or two years, so much the better. By thus lying a year or two the muck becomes dry, rotten and fine; the deleterious acids which mostly locked up its fertilizing qualities while in the raw, wet state, in a large degree pass out of it in the drying and decomposition of the heap; the muck is lighter to cart and every way better to handle; it is a more perfect absorbent of the liquids and salts of manure, and may be used in much larger quantities in proportion to the manure, lime or ashes with which it is composted, than would be proper if it were taken directly from the swamp in a raw state.

If the swamp needs draining, in order to get the muck conveniently, now is the favorable time for draining. If it is not desirable to drain the entire swamp, cut a ditch around a suitable portion of it, opening it clear to the bottom of the muck if possible, and extend an outlet ditch to ground low enough to carry off the water cleanly, and the muck thus separated on all sides from the main bed, will, in a few days drain off sufficiently to be easily shoveled, carted and placed in a pile on dry land. Pretty thorough drainage, before attempting to get out the muck, will generally be found the easiest way to manage the whole thing, and the best economy of labor.

The muck may be composted with other matters in various ways, a few of which will here be mentioned. In the fall it may be carted to the yards and sheds, and spread over them six to twelve inches deep, to become mingled with the manure and litter made there in the winter. In the spring it may be carted out to the fields with the other contents, or after spring work is over it may be piled snugly for use the next fall. After clearing the yards in the spring another layer of muck may be placed over them to receive the droppings of the stock yarded nights through the summer. A still better way of using the muck in winter will be to sled it to the yards and sheds at three or four different times during that season and spreading it three or four inches deep each time, thus exposing it thoroughly to frost, as well as more perfectly mingling it with the litter and manure. Muck may also be put in pig-pens, a little at a time, and often. The pen should be covered to preserve the manure from too much evaporation by the sun and too much wetness by rain. The horse manure may also be thrown into the pen to be tossed about and mixed with the muck by the pigs, thus preserving it from the violent fermentation and from burning. Or at short intervals the horse manure may be mixed with the muck, in thin layers of each, using one part of manure to two or three parts of muck.

The floors of the stables may be constructed with a water-tight trench just in the rear of the cattle, and, say, twenty to twenty-four inches wide, and four inches deep. This trench may, through the winter, be daily filled with muck, upon which the cattle droppings will fall, and thus mixed each day, the compost will be well intermingled, the urine all saved, and a most valuable manure made, for any kind of crop. Or, instead of a trench, the muck may be spread under the cattle and covered with a light sprinkling of litter, using about a bushel of muck to each grown animal, each day. Such a compost will be quite as valuable, load for load, as clear manure, while thus much more manure is made for the land from a given amount of stock wintered.

Muck mixed with either lime or unleached ashes, makes an excellent compost, especially for putting in the hills of corn and potatoes, or around fruit trees. If muck and lime are to be mixed, then, at the place where the heap is to be laid up, prepare a temporary lime bed, either of boards or by smoothing off the ground, and have water handy for slacking the lime. Allow at least one bushel of fresh lime to a half-cord of muck; slack the lime with just enough water to crumble it to a dry powder, and slake it no faster than wanted for a given layer of muck. Spread now a layer of muck as long and broad as you design the heap to be, and not more than four to six inches thick, and over this sprinkle the right quantity of lime, as before, and so on till the heap is completed, allowing it when all laid up to be about five feet high.

A larger amount of lime may be used, and, indeed, will be necessary, if the muck is quite green and wet. The quantity of lime necessary to neutralize the acidity of the muck will very much depend upon the age and dryness of the muck. The work of composting should be nicely done, for the quality of the heap will be in proportion to its careful and correct mixture. If the heap is made up in the fall, it may in two to four weeks thereafter be shoveled over, and then lie till wanted in the spring; or if made up in the spring, it may be shoveled over in two to four weeks, and then used. The value of this compost will be increased by using one bushel of salt to five or six bushels of fresh lime, dissolving the salt in just water enough for slaking purposes, and slaking the lime with the brine thus made.

Unleached ashes are also valuable in compost with muck. If ashes are used, put up the heap in thin layers at a time, as directed in composting with lime, and using not less than two bushels of ashes to a half cord of muck. More ashes may be used, but not less. Two bushels of ashes to a half cord of muck that has become dry, fine and decomposed by age and exposure, is as good as four or five bushels would be with the same bulk of raw muck, recently from the swamp. This heap should be shoveled over before using. If this compost is to be spread broadcast, apply from twenty-four to forty cart loads to the acre; or if used in the hills, put a shovelful into each hill. Remarkably fine crops of corn, both as to quantity and quality, have been raised on old pastures plowed up and dressed with a shovelful of this compost to the hill. It is also excellent for a top-dressing on grass, for a flower-bed, for trees and shrubs of all kinds.

These are some of the ways of preparing muck for an excellent restorer of exhausted fertility to our tillage fields, and for keeping those already in good heart up to their present high mark of production."

TOMATOES.

This delicious, wholesome vegetable is spoiled by the manner it is served upon the table. It is not one time in a hundred more than half cooked; it is simply scalded, and served as a sour porridge. It should be cooked three hours—it cannot be cooked in one. The fruit should be cut in halves, and the seeds scraped out. The mucilage of the pulp may be saved, if desired by straining out the seeds and adding it to the fruit, which should boil rapidly for an hour, and simmer three hours more, until the water is dissolved and the contents of the saucepan a pulp of mucilaginous matter, which is much improved by putting in the pan, either before putting in the fruit or while it is cooking, an ounce of butter and half a pound of fat bacon, cut fine, to half a peck of tomatoes, and a small pepper pod, with salt to suit the taste. The fat adds a pleasant flavor, and makes the dish actual food, instead of a mere relish. The pan must be carefully watched, and but little fire used, and the mass stirred often to prevent burning, towards the last, when the water is nearly all evaporated. The dish may be rendered still more attractive and rich as food, by breaking in two or three eggs, and stirring vigorously, just enough to allow the eggs to become well cooked.

Tomatoes, thoroughly cooked, may be put in tight cans and kept any length of time, or the pulp may be spread upon plates and dried in the sun or slow oven, and kept as well as dried pumpkin, dried apples, peaches or pears, and will be found equally excellent in winter.

For every-day use, a quantity sufficient for the use of a family for a week may be cooked at once, and afterwards eaten cold or warmed over. We beg of those who use this excellent fruit to try what cooking will do for it. It has been eaten half cooked long enough. It never should be dished until dry enough to be taken from the dish to the plates with a fork instead of a spoon.—*Lady's Book.*

BLACKBIRDS AND CROWS.

Considerable discussion is being carried on in the press and by Farmers' Clubs as to whether these birds should be banished or encouraged; and of course their merits and demerits get a pretty good showing up. That both these birds are prone to mischief, especially while the corn is in its embryo stage, we cannot doubt; but that they ought to be spared, the majority of our farmers probably will not allow. Strong arguments, however, may be advanced in favor of the birds. When the farmer plows in the spring, a flock of blackbirds generally follow and pick up worms and grubs, and how much is thus accomplished we may not be able to state. It was Wilson Flagg, of Massachusetts, if we remember rightly, who put forth the following statements in relation to the crow: "He consumes in the year vast quantities of grubs, worms, and noxious vermin; he is a valuable scavenger, and clears the land of offensive masses of deceased animal substances; he hunts the grain fields, and pulls out and devours the underground caterpillars, whenever he perceives the signs of their operations, as evinced by the wilted stocks; he destroys mice, young rats, lizzards and the serpent; lastly, he is a volunteer sentinel about the farm, and drives the hawk from its enclosure, thus preventing greater mischief than that of which he himself is guilty."

COTTON-SEED CAKE, FOR FEEDING PURPOSES.

The Mark Lane (London) *Express*, has an editorial commending the best samples of this article, as "a valuable acquisition to the present catalogue of grazing substances," and concludes by quoting the following observations of Prof. Voelcker, on the result of a recent analysis of thin decorticated American cotton-seed cake lately imported.

1st. The proportion of oil in all the specimens is higher than in the best linseed cake, in which it is rarely more than 12 per cent., and 10 per cent. may be taken as an average. As a supplier of food, cotton cake is, therefore, superior to linseed cake. 2d. The amount of oil in the several specimens differs to the extent of 5½ per cent.; say from No. 7, 13.50, to No. 2, 19.19. 3d Decorticated cake contains a very high and much larger percentage of flesh-forming matters than linseed cake, and it is therefore proper to give to young stock and milch cows. The dung, also, is very valuable. 4th. In comparison with linseed, there is much less mucilage and other respiratory matter in cotton cake. This is compensated by the larger amount of oil. 5th. The proportion of indigestible woody fiber in decorticated cotton cake is very small, and not larger than in the best linseed cake. 6th, and lastly. It may be observed that the ash of cotton cake is rich in bony materials, and amounts to about the same quantity as is contained in other oily cakes.

Tomato Catsup.—The Columbus (Geo.) *Sun*, gives the following, as the best recipe for making tomato catsup:—To a half bushel of skinned tomatoes, add one quart of good vinegar, one pound of salt, quarter of a pound of allspice, one ounce of cloves, three boxes of mustard, twenty of cloves of garlic, six good onions, two pounds of brown sugar, and one handful of peach leaves. Boil this mass for three hours, constantly stirring it to keep it from burning. When cool, strain it through a fine seive, or a coarse cloth, and bottle it for future use. It will improve by age, and create and give zest to appetite almost under the "ribs of death."

BEST BREEDS OF HENS,—HINTS ON BREEDING.

The question is often asked, "Which is the best breed of hens? This is a very difficult matter to decide. Nearly every variety has its own particular admirers. You may ask a dozen different persons their opinion on this matter, and they will recommend as many different varieties. But as I remarked in a former article on the subject, the profits of poultry raising depend more upon the manner of keeping, than upon the breed. As a general thing the smaller breed will be found most profitable; at any rate the indications are that it is so, as in this section all the large fancy breeds of fowls, the Shanghai, Cochin China, &c., have been got rid of, as I suppose the old fashioned barn-yard is found to be more cheaply and easily raised, and to give more eggs and better flesh. But as before remarked, by judicious crossing with some of the imported fowls an improvement is made; for instance, crossing with the Spanish, the half-bloods will invariably commence laying younger, generally before they are five months old, and earlier in the season than the full blood Spanish fowls.

Another evil too prevalent, is in-and-in breeding. My plan, when I commenced, was to procure a cock and hen from widely different parts, so as to avoid any relationship. From these I breed, saving four pullets, and again purchased two of the finest cocks I could procure from a different place. For this pains I think I have been fully paid, as my stock of fowls became much hardier than my former stock. This plan of breeding I have adopted with all kinds of poultry, and I can confidently recommend it to others.

Hens will not flourish in a crowded state, neither will they lay so well when great numbers are together. In summer when the weather is hot, if kept in close quarters, fowls will sometimes become lousy; but if clean, good ashes are placed where the hens can have access to them, they will dust themselves in them until the vermin disappear.

A hen is a right prudish old lady, and affects great modesty in selecting her nest, and laying her eggs, always selecting a quiet, sly place, when it can be found. Improving upon this hint, fix up your boxes for the nests in a corner and in such a manner as to keep them from sight when passing near them.

A well fed fowl is disposed to lay a large number of eggs, and they should have the material necessary to form the shell supplied to them, especially when confined.

A good shelter should always be provided for hens to roost under, and suitable provision made to save all the manure, and your garden will pay in increased productiveness for all your trouble in the culture of fowls.—*C. A. Beament, in Co. Gent.*

MANAGEMENT OF THE COLT.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* gives his method of imparting an education to a colt, as follows:—In the first place, never entrust him to the care of a person of ungovernable temper. Secondly, he should be treated with kindness from the beginning until he is ready for labor. Since Mr. Rarey laid his method of subduing the horse before the public, I have made the horse and his diseases my study. The colt should be commenced with when quite young, and handled carefully, as he is quick to resent an injury. I begin as soon as he is able to run about—get him so that he will not run away at your approach—get his head in your hands—if he wants to get away, let him—you can easily get him again.—After handling the head so that he is not afraid, pass on to the side and limbs. The sooner he gets used to having his legs handled, the easier he will be to shoe when necessity requires it to be done. See that the dam gives plenty of milk. If she does not, teach the colt to drink cow's milk; there is nothing better to promote the growth.

Great care should be observed in not using the dam so as to heat the milk, as a great many colts are rendered worthless by so doing. I should in no case let the colt remain with the mother after it is five months old, as it gives her time to get in good condition for winter, and it is also the best time for him to shift for himself; do not let him remain out after the nights get cold and frosty, as it will do him no good, but much harm. There is plenty of skimmed milk at this time of year; give him all he will drink; it will not hurt him. After he is weaned is the time to commence halter-breaking him.

STINGLESS BEES.

Mr. A. O. Moore of this city, who went to Central America last year on account of his health, has returned from Guatemala, and has brought with him two swarms of the stingless bees common to that country, which he has given in charge of Mr. Parsons, of Flushing, who will propagate them for the Agricultural Department of the Patent office, which will in due time distribute them, if it is found that they can be kept in any part of the United States. These bees are of two varieties, one large and one small, and both quite different in their habits from the honey bees common with us. For one thing, there appears to be but two classes—the workers and queens. The largest class is about the size of our common bees, the queen being much larger; and while laying eggs appear very clumsy, and unable to fly. The honey is deposited in egg-shaped capsules, more than half the size of hen's eggs, fastened to a plate of wax only on one side, and sometimes arranged quite horizontal in tiers one above another. The honey is considered peculiarly delicious, but not stored in as large quantities as with our bees. As these are stingless, they are often kept on the same familiar terms as Paddy's pig, about the house. The hive most commonly consists of a hollow log, and that is hung up in the hut that shelters the family, or at the door, under the projecting thatch of the roof. It is to be hoped that the experiment of their introduction will prove successful.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Baked Tomatoes.—Pour boiling water over ripe tomatoes, and remove the skins; cut them in two and place them in a deep baking dish, or tin; put bits of butter over them and add salt, pepper, and a little sugar, flour, and water, and bake an hour in a quick oven.

THE SONG OF LABOR.

The Song of Labor sing,
Which is sung in the crowded room,
Where the rapid shuttle ceaseless flies
Across the beating loom.

Where the busy spindle hums,
And the iron fingers spin,
Unwearied and fresh when nightfall comes
As when they at morn begin.

Where the mighty wheels go round,
Where the massive anvils ring,
With deafening clang in the chorus' sound,
The Song of Labor sing.

The Song of Labor sing,
Where the molten iron glows,
And the fires which lighted in the day
Burn brightly at its close.

Where the prisoned waters boil,
At the birth of the giant steam,
Who leaps from their arms to his daily toil
With a wild and fearful scream.

Where we breast the wind and tide,
And challenge the tempest's wing,
As the ocean's surge we proudly ride,
The Song of Labor sing.

The Song of Labor sing,
As the torrent's force we bind,
And fetter the viewless wings of air
With the mightier chains of mind.

Where we level the mountain's height,
And arch the cataract o'er,
Till the deer on the prairie springs in fright
From the fire steed's awful roar.

Where the church and school house stand,
And their bells together ring,
'Mid the mountain homes of our native land
The Song of Labor sing.

KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL UNION SOCIETY.

PREMIUMS.

Show to be held at a time and place to be hereafter designated.

Class 1.—*Working Oxen.* For best pair working oxen, size, age and discipline considered, $4, 3, 2; oxen 7 feet or over, 4, 3, 2; under 7 feet, 4, 3, 2; best disciplined pair of oxen or steers, without regard to age, size or form, 4, 3. To facilitate the labor of testing working oxen, the trustees prescribe as follows, viz: That a piece of level ground be selected for the trial; that, after hitching to the load, each competitor be allowed ten minutes to show the power and discipline of his oxen; that the distance the load is moved in that time be measured and recorded by the committee, and that the next competitor take the load where left by his predecessor.

Class 2.—*Steers.* Best pair 3 yr. old steers, $3, 2; 2 yrs. old, 3, 2; 1 yr., 2, 1; steer calves, 1,50, 1.

Class 3.—*Town Teams.* Best team of oxen from any one town within the limits of the society, not less than 10 yoke, $10, 6, 4; team 3 yr. old steers, not less than 8 pairs, 6, 4; team 2 yr. old steers, not less than 8 pairs, 5, 3.

Class 4—*Beef Cattle.* Best pair fat oxen, $4, 3, 2; single fat ox, 3, 2; fat cow, 3, 2.

Class 5.—*Bulls, Cows and Heifers.* Durham bull, 2 yrs. old or over, $4, 3; 1 yr. old bull, 3, 2; Durham cow or heifer, 4, 3. Premiums of the above number, and of the same amount are offered on Herefords, Devons, Ayrshires and Jerseys or Alderneys. Grade bull, 3 yrs. or over, $4, 3; 2 yrs., 4, 3; 1 yr. 3, 2; grade bull calf, 2, 1; grade milch cow, 5 yrs. or over, 4, 3, 2; 4 yrs., 3, 2; 3 yrs., 3, 2; grade, 2 yrs. old, in milk, 3, 2; 2 yrs. old grade heifer, not having had a calf, 3, 2; 1 yr. old grade heifer. 2, 1; calf, 2, 1. To be entitled to a premium on milch cows, the competitor must present a statement giving the age, breed, time of calving, manner of keeping, and the number of pounds of milk and butter yielded during the last week in September.

Class 6.—*Sheep and Lambs.* Best French or Spanish buck, $2, 1; 6 French or Spanish ewes, 2; French or Spanish buck lamb, 1; 6 French or Spanish ewe lambs, 1; Cotswold buck, or ewe, each, 2, 1; buck or ewe lamb, each, 1; South Down buck or ewe, each, 2; do. buck or ewe lamb each, 1; grade buck, 2, 1; 6 grade ewes, 2; grade buck lamb, 2; 6 grade ewe lambs, 2; native buck, 2, 1; 6 native ewes, 2; native buck lamb, 1; 6 native ewe lamb, 2.

Class 7.—*Horses.* Best stallion, 4 yrs, or over, $6, 5; 3 yrs. old stallion, 4, 3; 2 yrs, 3, 2; breeding mare, 4, 3, 2; pair carriage horses in harness, 4, 3, 2; pair draft horses in harness, 4, 3; single draft horse in harness, 3, 2; carriage horse in harness, 3, 2; family horse, 3, 2; saddle horse for lady or gentleman, 3, 2; 4 yrs. old gelding, 3, 2; do. mare, 3, 2; 3 yrs. old gelding colt, 3, 2; 3 yrs. old filly, 3, 2; 2 yrs. old colt, either gelding or filly, 2, 1; 1 yr. old colt, do. do. 2, 1; walking horse, 3, 2.

Class 8.—*Swine.* Boar, $4, 3, 1; breeding sow, 4, 3; litter of pigs, not less than six, 3, 2, 1; fat hog, 3, 2; fat pig, 6 months old, 3, 1.

Class 9.—*Poultry.* Geese, not less than six, $1, 75c.; ducks, not less than six, 1, 75c.; turkeys, not less than six, 1, 75c.; half-doz. barnyard fowls of any breed, 1, 75c., 50c.; largest number and best varieties of fowls, 3.

Class 10.—*Butter and Cheese.* Butter, not less than 30 lbs., $4, 3, 2, 1; cheese, 3, 2, 1.

Class 11.—*Bread, Honey, Sugars, Syrups, &c.* Loaf of wheat bread, $1, 75c.; loaf rye-and-Indian bread, 1, 75c.; specimen of honey, not less than 10 lbs., 2, 1; specimen maple sugar or syrup, 10 lbs. or over, 1; display of jellies, preserves and ketchups, made in one family, diploma, 2, 1; specimen of either, 1, 75c., 50c.

Class 12.—*Fruits.* Display of fruits, diploma, $3, 2; do. apples, diploma; 12 varieties of apples, 12 specimens each, diploma, 2, 1; bushel winter apples, 1, 75c., 50c.; do. fall apples, fit for use at the time of exhibition, 1, 75c., 50; dish apples, 50, 25c.; display of pears, 2; dish of pears, 50, 25c.; Isabella grapes, open culture, 1, 50c.; native grapes, other than Isabella, 1, 50c.; dish plums, 1, 50c.

Flowers. Display of flowers kept up during the Fair, $3; pair of vase bouquets, 1, 50, 25c.; display of pot plants, 2, 1. The committee on flowers have at their disposal $2 additional, to award on single specimens of flowers and plants.

Class 13.—*Vegetables and Seeds.* Display of vegetables, diploma, $2, 1; specimen table beets, 1 doz., 50c.; 1 doz. onions, carrots, parsnips, rutabaga turnips, flat turnips, half doz. Marrow squash, half doz. Hubbard squash, half doz. pumpkins, half doz. celery stalks, one doz. ears sweet corn, 1 doz. rhubarb stalks, 1 doz. tomatoes, each, 50c.; greatest variety and best specimens of garden seeds, diploma, 1; do. field seeds, diploma, 1; bushel wheat, 2; barley, 1; rye, 1; oats, 75c.; corn in the ear, 1; potatoes, rutabaga turnips, flat turnips, carrots, beets, each, 50c.; onions, 75c.; champion of England peas, 1 pk., peck early peas, peck marrowfat peas, peck field beans, peck cranberry beans, each, 50c.

Class 14.—*Agricultural Implements.* Complete set of agricultural implements owned and presented by a farmer, diploma and $5; implement or implements for thoroughly pulverizing the soil, to be operated by brute force, 5; set of garden tools complete, 5; sward plow, 2; seed plow, 1,50; harrow, and cultivator, each, 1. Premiums will not be awarded for these unless they possess merits above those in common use in this vicinity. Set of haying tools, including rack for hauling hay with horse or oxen, diploma and 2

Class 15.—*Leathers and Manufactures of same.* Best specimen of sole leather, side upper leather, side harness leather, each, $1; tanned calf skin, morocco leather, tanned sheep skin, each, 50c.; display of boots and shoes, diploma, 2; 6 pairs men's thick boots, thin boots, each, 1; 6 pairs men's thick shoes, do. women's shoes, each, 50c.; 6 pairs women's walking shoes, 50c.; display of harness work, dipl ma, 2.

Class 16.—*Carriages.* Chaise, four wheeled top buggy, light wagon, double sleigh, single sleigh, each, diploma, $2.

Class 19.—*Cabinet Work.* Display of cabinet work, chamber set, each, diploma, $3, 2

Class 20.—*Ornamental Leather, Shell and Cone Work.* Display of the above made by one person, and including, at least, 1 specimen of each, diploma and $1; leather-work picture frame, 1, 75, 50c.; brackets, cone frame, each, 1, 50c.; basket or vase, 75, 50c.; specimen shell work, 1, 75, 50c.

Class 21. *Crochet, Worsted and Embroidery Work.* Knit or crochet shawl, diploma, $1; do. hood, 50, 25c.; scarf or tippet, 75, 50c.; slippers, 75, 50c.; embroidered slippers, 1, 50c.; pair crochet gloves or mittens, 50, 25c.; lamp mat, 50, 25c.; specimen raised worsted work, 1, 50c.; specimen silk embroidery, 1, 50c.; wrought table cover, 75, 50c.; skirt, 75, 50c.; handkerchief, 50c.; collar and sleeves, 75, 50c.

Class 22.—*Manufactures. Sect.* 1.—Best display of oilcloth carpeting, display paper, each, diploma; piece cassimere, satinet, each, diploma and 2; wide sheeting, common width sheeting or shirting, cotton drilling, each, diploma; white woolen flannel, red woolen flannel, each, diploma and $1.

Sect. 2—*Household Manufactures and Repairs.* 6 yds. fulled cloth, $1, 50; 10 yds. woolen flannel, 75, 50c.; 10 yds. cotton and wool flannel, 75, 50c.; 10 yds. wool carpeting, 1 75c.; 10 yds. rag carpeting, 1, 75c.; hearth rug, 50, 40, 25c.; bed-spread, 1, 75, 50c.; pair drawers (knit or crochet), 50, 25c.; pair shirts, do., 50, 25c.; mixed wool knitting yarn, 1 lb., white, 1 lb., each, 25c.; 6 pairs woolen hose, 75, 50c.; 2 pairs worsted hose, 75c.; 2 pairs cotton hose, 2 pairs knit mittens, each 50c.; specimen plain sewing, patching, darning, each, 50c.; household manufactures, made by one family within the year, quality as well as amount and rarity considered, diploma and 2.

Class 23.—*Paintings, Drawings, Daguerreotypes, &c.* Oil painting, diploma, $1; Grecian painting, 75c.; painting in water colors, crayon picture, pencil drawing, each, 50c; specimen of penmanship, diploma; display of daguerreotypes, and ambrotypes, diploma; photographs, diploma; musical instrument, diploma; display of jewelry and silver ware, diploma.

Class 24.—*Clothing, Millinery and Fancy Goods.* Display of gentlemen's clothing, diploma; overcoat, dress coat, sack coat, frock coat, each, $1; pants, vest, each, 50c.; display of children's clothing, millinery, fancy goods, each, diploma.

An incidental committee will examine all articles which are not enumerated in the preceding prize list, whether machines, fabrics, fruits, vegetables or animals, and award diplomas or gratuities in money, as their merits demand.

ENGLISH HORSES.

A writer in the *London Review* calls the attention of the lovers of the horse to the fact that the noble breed of *useful* English horses is becoming ruined. "We are every year deteriorating the qualities of our saddle horses and troopers by the reckless mixture of breed with our racers, under the idea that we are infusing blood and staying qualities into their veins. Blood is all very well when allied to a compact, useful form, able to carry *men* a reasonable distance; but when it is produced by "in-and-in-breeding," from shallow forms on long, tottering legs, it ceases to be worth the name of "blood," in the common acceptation of the term. Those qualities in our race-horses which are decreasing every year more and more, are the most useful and natural ones—namely, constitutional vigor, freedom of muscle, and great endurance under severe exertion. These are the qualities which we require for use; for very few of us would buy a horse for his single quality of speed—indeed, none but turfmen would care to own such an one. The general public do not require such horses, because they have no use for them in the daily routine of life.

There are thousands of race-horses bred, and reared to the age of two years, which, after trial, are found worthless for the purpose they were bred for, and these are expelled from the racing studs in disgrace, and they are sold for little or nothing; some of them are given away, and are much too dear even at that price. Thus, our country, once famed for the best breed of saddle-horses in the world, is becoming overrun with a lot of worthless, weedy, refuse racing stock, which by many inexperienced farmers and breeders, are gradually being crossed with, and thus deteriorating the breed of our short-legged, deep-bodied, wide-hipped, strong-loined saddle-horses, the lineage of which, in a few instances, we can still trace, by their compact forms, to the breed of race-horses encouraged by our forefathers, who bred horses for *useful* purposes, to carry *men* long distances, and not the spindle-shanked velocipedes bred by our turfmen of the present day, that break down after running a few furlongs with a baby on their backs."

CORNED BEEF.

Who is not fond of good corned beef? Understand me, I mean a *good article*, well cooked. I do not mean a poor article half cooked. Those who answer in the negative I am sure never had the good fortune to taste of this mainspring of human nourishment. Talk about your beefsteak and fried sausage, or any other kind of fried meats, they all sink into insignificance when compared with well-cooked corned beef. There are, however, two or three things to be done in order to procure this great luxury of the table. In the first place, then, do not get your meat too salt, it makes it too tough and tasteless. Do not allow it to remain over two weeks in the first brine, for it takes up all the blood that was in the meat, and consequently ought to be drained off, as the meat will be much more likely to be injured than it will when separated and replaced with fresh made brine, but more especially in warm weather. In this way it will keep with just sufficient salt to season it. In the second place, the cooking is of just as much importance as the corning; it should be boiled at least *four hours*, or until it can be cut and eaten as readily as a piece of soft bread. Not one-half of the domestics cook their meat long enough. Try it once, and you will see

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

MAINE FARMER

AUGUSTA:

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 13, 1860.

AGRICULTURAL SHOWS IN MAINE—1860.

The following is a list of the date and location of the Shows of the several Agricultural Societies in Maine, so far as they have been announced:

Maine State Society, at Portland, Sept. 25, 26, 27, 28.
State Horse Show, at Augusta, Sept. 18, 19, 20, 21.
Kennebec, at Readfield, Oct. 9, 10, 11.
Sagadahoc, at Topsham, Oct. 9, 10, 11.
Waldo, at Belfast, Oct. 10, 11, 12.
Hancock, at Ellsworth, Sept. 26, 27.
West Washington, at Jonesboro', Sept. 27, 28.
Piscataquis Central, at Dover, Oct. 3, 4.
Androscoggin, at Lewiston, Oct. 2, 3 and 4.
Union, at East Sumner, Oct. 16, 17.
Franklin, at Farmington, Oct. 3, 4, 5.
North Aroostook, at Presque Isle, Oct. 3, 4.
East Washington, at Calais, Oct. 3, 4.
West Oxford, at Fryeburg, Oct. 9, 10, 11.
Turner Town Show, Oct. 16, 17.
Washington County, at Pembroke, Sept. 25, 26.
Norridgewock, Oct, 3, 4.
Bangor Horticultural, Sept. 18, 19.

NOTICE. The following Agents are now in the field engaged in canvassing and making collections for the *Maine Farmer*:

D. STICKNEY, in Penobscot and Aroostook Counties.

JAS. STURGIS, of Vassalboro, in Oxford and the western portion of Cumberland Counties.

Mr. S. N. TABER will call upon subscribers to the *Farmer* in the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, during the ensuing months of September and October.

☞Jabez Pratt, Esq., of Greene, is duly authorized to act as agent for the *Farmer* in that town.

HO! FOR THE STATE FAIR.

A little more than a week will elapse before the State Fair will open in Portland. We anticipate a good Show, and merely wish to call attention of the good people of Maine to the subject in order to have them ready to come and aid in the good work. Exhibitions, or Expositions, as they are called in Europe, have become throughout the civilized world, the very best institutions for manifesting and making evident and tangible to the senses the true state and conditions of the industry of the community. They make public in an unmistakable way the progress of the arts and the sciences, whether it be forward or backward. They display in a comparatively cheap but effective manner, the merits and the demerits of the products of the country. Where all the world comes together with specimens of their work, all the world can see and examine what the world is about and what has been done. This rule holds good in the same ratio to parts of the world or to circumscribed communities as to the whole.

The only complaint that we hear this year as indicating any drawback in the interest of the Show is among the cattle holders, on account of the drouth that has prevailed during the greater part of the season, and the consequent leanness of cattle as a general thing. This ought not to have any serious weight with them. They are all alike in this matter, and the trouble if trouble it be, bears as heavily upon one as another.

This will bring a corresponding equality of condition, and put all upon the same level. So bring on the *bossies* of all sorts, breeds and ages, from little Galloway, to portly Durham. The stalls are all ready, and hay and provender forthcoming to meet their wants. Don't hold back and see whether your neighbor is going. Let every one make it an individual duty to go, and to carry his wife, and as many of the family as can be spared from "care of the stuff" at home. It is a duty which you owe to yourself and the "*childers.*" You have worked hard and saved with care, and it is due to your own strength, both bodily and mental, to have a little recreation—a little relaxation. A bow always bent loses its elasticity and becomes useless. So it is with the mind, and so it is with the body; too much tension of brain or muscle will destroy them. Besides it is no idle or useless meeting to which we invite you. There is not a man, woman or child, however wise or however simple, who goes to an exhibition of this kind, and learns nothing valuable. He sees and examines things, and observes objects in the several departments of human labor, collected from a wide extent of country, now brought together and assembled in a small space and placed for his particular inspection. He can make himself acquainted with their peculiar merits and demerits. He can see where improvement has been made, and where improvement is still needed.

A word to the good people of Portland in particular. We well remember, when in the second year of the State Society, and it was weak in its incipient infancy, that you kindly took it by the hand, and by your friendly offices, and timely and well applied aid, gave it strength and efficiency.

From that time it took its stand among the most active and useful State societies of the Union. We remember how the citizens from all sections of the State came together—from the farm and the workshop—from the country and the hamlet, and the village; and there was a friendly union and a cordial greeting of the country and the city, and all were made glad together. Thousands and thousands who never saw Portland before, visited it then, and all went away pleased with their reception, and the praises of the "forest city," were in every mouth. Shall it be so again? In obedience to the public voice, the Society has gone its circle of rotations into different sections of the State with varied fortune, and again comes to you, older in years and rejoicing in an experience which increases its capacity for usefulness. Shall it again meet with that hearty and unswerving co-operation it did before? Thus far, the city government and leading individuals have done nobly.

The grounds fitted for the occasion, and the spacious halls devoted to its uses, are better than before. It now devolves mainly upon the people—the masses, in their individual as well as collective capacity—to fill up those Halls in a way and manner that shall preserve the reputation which you so deservedly gained in '56. We are aware that no longer ago than last year, owing to causes beyond the control of anybody in this country, your exertions and sacrifices in this way were not met with the success that you deserved, but the obstacles which pressed so heavily then are not in existence now. As the politicians say: "One more rally." Come up to the work as before, and all will go on in successful harmony, and the coming Show be a living manifestation that Portland zeal and Portland energy never tire.

CATTLE AND SHEEP.—There is going on a steady drain of neat cattle and sheep from Maine into Massachusetts. The Portland *Courier* mentions the arrival into that city by Monday's trains of 16 cars of horned cattle, and 23 cars of sheep, nearly all of which are bound to Brighton. Of these, 14 cars of sheep and 6 cars of horned cattle came in on the Grand Trunk train; 7 cars of horned cattle and 6 cars of sheep on the Androscoggin & Kennebec train, and 3 cars of horned cattle, and 3 cars of sheep on the Kennebec & Portland train.

MAINE STATE HORSE SHOW.

The exhibition of Maine Horses will commence on Tuesday next on the State Park, in this city. If the indications do not mislead us, the occasion will be one of great interest and importance to the horse breeders and fanciers of Maine. Entries are being made from various parts of the State, and the books of the Secretary already show a most gratifying representation of the different classes for which premiums are offered. The arrangements for the accommodation of stock and for the proper regulation of the show, are nearly completed, and no doubt will be satisfactory to all concerned. Thos. S. Lang, Esq., will act as Chief Marshal, and with a competent body of assistants, will see that every thing connected with the exhibition upon the ground is conducted in an orderly manner.

The following is the programme of each day's proceedings as announced by the Board of Managers:

TUESDAY, SEPT. 18.

All horses entered for Exhibition must be on the track and in line at 10 o'clock, A. M., of the first day; otherwise they will not be allowed to contest for the premiums.

Judges will be upon the ground and assign the place and time for examination of the several classes.

At 10 o'clock, the Procession of Horses will pass around the track; after which it will be open for trials of speed for all horses in line.

At 2 o'clock P. M. Class No. 1. Examination of Stallions and trials of speed. Premiums, $100, 50, 25.

At 3½ o'clock P. M. Examination of Class No. 6, Geldings and Mares, 5 years old, with trials of speed. Premiums, $50, 25.

At 4½ o'clock P. M. Examination of Class of No. 9, Geldings and Mares, 2 years old. Premiums, $20, 10.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 19.

At 9 o'clock A. M. Class No. 5, Examination of Breeding Mares, the same to be exercised on the track. Premiums, $80, 40, 20.

At 10 o'clock. Examination of Class No. 7, Geldings and Mares, 4 years old, with trials of speed. Premiums $40, 30.

At 11 o'clock. Class No. 2, Stallions, 4 years old. Trials of speed. Premiums, $40, 20.

At 2 o'clock P. M. Class No. 18. Trials of second class trotting horses. Purse of $100; best 3 in 5. Between the heats, trial of Class No. 16, Pacing horses. Premiums, $40, 20.

At 3½ o'clock. Examination of Class No. 11. Matched horses. Trials of speed. Premiums, $60, 40, 20.

At 4½ o'clock. Class No. 4. Examination of Stallions, 3 years old, and trials of speed. Premiums $30, 15.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 20.

At 9 o'clock, A. M. Class No. 4. Examination of 2 years old Stallions. Premiums, $20, 10.

At 9½ o'clock. Examination of Class No. 10, Family Horses. Speed to be shown. Premiums, $50, 30, 20.

At 10 o'clock. Class 17. Trial of first class Trotting Horses. Purse of $200. Mile heats—best 3 in 5.

At 2 o'clock P. M. Examination of Class No. 14, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saddle horses. Premiums for each, $20, 10. At the same time, Class No. 20, Display of Horsemanship, by Ladies and Gentlemen.

At 4 o'clock. Class 15. Trial of Running horses. Premium, $80. Three to make a field.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 21.

At 9 o'clock A. M. Class 8, Geldings and Mares, 3 years old. Premiums, $30, 15.

At 9½ o'clock. Class 13. Team horses. Premiums, $40, 20, 10.

At 10½ o'clock. Class 19, Trial of third class Trotting Horses. Purse, $50. Mile heats—best 2 in 3.

At 2 o'clock P. M. Class 12, Fancy Matched Horses. Premiums, $40, 20.

At 3 o'clock. The contest for the Prize Champion Belt, worth $100, to the best Trotting Stallion in the State of Maine—to be worn until the next annual Exhibition of the Association, when it will again be contended for, the last winner having equal rights with all others.

The following arrangements with the several Railroad companies are also announced:

Kennebec & Portland R. R. Extra trains will be run on this road, leaving Portland in the morning and returning in the evening, at reduced Fares.

Somerset & Kennebec Railroad—Extra trains will be run, leaving Skowhegan in the morning and returning same evening, at reduced fares. Rate to be hereafter given.

Arrangements have been made by Josiah Perham, Esq., of Boston, to run excursion trains on Monday and Tuesday, 17th and 18th of Sept., from Boston to Augusta, at $3 the round trip—the tickets being good on any return train during the week.

NATIONAL HORSE SHOW.—The fourth annual Horse Exhibition at Springfield, Mass., terminated on Friday last, and is reported a complete success. The premiums offered amounted to about $4000. The entries in the several classes for premiums were 338—numbering 433 horses, as follows:

Thorough bred stallions,	5
Thorough bred mares,	4
Stallions 8 years and over,	13
" 5 and under 8,	31
" 4 and under 5,	26
" 3 and under 4,	24
" 2 and under 3,	18
Mares, with foal by side,	26
Breeding mares,	18
Fillies, 2 years and under 4,	15
Fillies, 1 year and under 2,	6
Colts, 2 years and under 4,	1
Colts, 1 year and under 2,	7
Matched horses,	60
Fancy matched horses,	14
Gentlemen's spans,	12
Family horses,	50
Gentlemen's driving horses,	34
Saddle horses,	8
Farm or draft horses, (pairs)	10
" " (single)	7
Ponies, (pairr)	4
" (single)	8
Four or six in hand,	8
Tandem or tridem,	7
Walking horses,	
String truck teams,	3
Total,	433

In addition to the above 183 horses were entered for exhibition and sale. In the contest for the Prise Banner to the State exhibiting the largest number of horses, 253 horses appeared on the track in one grand cavalcade, as follows: New York, 62; Connecticut, 86 horses and 4 mules; Vermont, 13; New Hampshire, 5; Rhode Island, 7; Maine, 6; Canada, 3; Wisconsin, 2; Massachusetts, 62; Illinois, 2, and New Brunswick, 1. The Banner was awarded to Connecticut.

We find the following among the list of entries from Maine:

"Railroad Boy," M. H. Griffin, Portland, raised in Connecticut, Messenger and Morgan, 800 lbs., 1 year, 14¾ hands; "Black Hawk Messenger," stallion, John Wyman, Bangor, raised in Maine, 1025 lbs., 4 years; "Robin," family horse, Samuel Larrabee, Bangor, Morgan, 1050 lbs., 6 years, 16 hands; "Charley," family horse, Wm. Warren, Portland, Morgan, 925 lbs., 6 years, 16 hands; "Nelly Crow," walking horse, J. Wyman, Bangor, Messenger, 925 lbs., 8 years; pair matched geldings, names not given, Jas. R. Dayton, Portland, 2000 lbs., 4 and 5 years, 15¼ hands.

Of the premiums awarded, three of them came to Maine, as follows: For stallions for general use 8 years and over, to John Wyman, of Bangor, third premium of $50, Maine Messenger; for family horse, "Robin," to Samuel Larrabee, of Bangor, first premium of $100; for gentlemen's driving horse, 4 years or over, Brown Seward, to Jas. Reed, of Maine, third premium, $50.

The trials for speed were numerous, but the only one worth recording for the time made, was between the horses Panic, Lady Planet, and Brown Seward. Panic won in 2.32, Planet made the mile in 2.39, and Brown Seward in 2.43.

The proceeds of the exhibition are stated at $10,000, the net profits of which, about $4000, will accrue to the Hampden Agricultural Society upon whose grounds the Show was held and whose Fair was in operation at the same time.

Some of the Maine horses also sold at a pretty good figure. O. M. Shaw, formerly of Winthrop, now of the Franklin House, Bangor, sold his 5 yrs. old, for $1500; "Nelly Crow," owned, we believe by Mr. Wyman, of Bangor, was sold for $900.

☞Fowler's Dry House, situated near the Kennebec Dam, in this city, was destroyed by fire on Monday night last, about 11 o'clock. It is supposed that the fire was accidentally communicated.

PIC NIC AT MOUNT AIRY.

In the western section of the not very ancient but worthy town of Winthrop, a goodly sized mountain has reared its head, for aught we know ever since "creation's morn," certainly so long that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." Its exact height or breadth we cannot tell, but it is high enough to overlook the surrounding country as far north as the summit of Mt. Blue, the swells of Mt. Abraham, and other highlands on the Canada border; as far east as the Camden hills on the Penobscot, as far west as the Peaks of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and as far south as the broad Atlantic. Its northern point received the name of Mt. Pisgah by the early Pioneers who undoubtedly often used it as Moses of old used its venerable prototype in Palestine, for looking at and over the promised land at its base. Its southern slope is now called Mount Airy, indicative of the refreshing and healthful breezes which continually play around it. And here, during the summer season, an humble member of the Editorial fraternity has pitched his camp, content, after mingling a few days each week with a portion of this bustling and restless world *below* him, and adding his mite to the news and *floating wisdom* of the day, to withdraw by a *shake down* ride over the *break-neck turnpike* across the valley, (which, of itself, so plentifully are the good-sized specimens strewed in the path, would form a respectable Geological cabinet,) and immure himself a little out of the way, if not out of sight. The region is rough; it is an excellent grazing section of land, and, in former times, *when wool was wool*, it was made the home of innumerable flocks. In this way it has probably contributed more, since it was first divested of its forest growth, to the christian uses of feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, than any like number of acres in Maine. We still find by experience, that, although the flocks are not now so abundant on its sides and summits as heretofore, its productive powers are still good for increasing and administering to the "creature comforts" of man in the shape of those homely old substantials, corn and potatoes, especially when their use is aided by the occasional picking of the bones of a mammoth turkey of Connecticut ancestry, and flowing bumpers of *twenty-five per cent. cream Jersey milk.*

Peace and quietness crown the hours as they pass and replenished health invigorates the brain and frame, oftentimes overtaxed and wearied out in the battle of life among the outsiders. Though not very aspiring, or given to boasting of our position, truth compels us to say that our mountain home, though perhaps a little monotonous at times, enables us, like some politicians who get a little *elevated*, to look down on *better men.* This monotony was, however, on Thursday last, very agreeably and pleasantly broken in upon by a sudden invasion—an upward flow of the human wave around us.

Some one hundred and fifty or two hundred of our neighbors took it into their heads to avail themselves of the beautiful but sultry weather in the valley, and "escape to the mountains." So, leaving hard work and care behind them, "onward and upward" they came, until, long before noon, the mountain, like one we read of in good old Elisha's time, was full of "chariots and horsemen." All ages and sexes were there, frolicsome children, young men and maidens in the heyday of life, men and women of more sober middle age, and some also came whose pilgrimage of life counts more than eighty years, but who were nevertheless hale and hearty. It was a spontaneous, cheerful, social gathering of neighbors, uniting together to enjoy the day in the cultivation of the best feelings of the heart while linking themselves more closely in the bonds of a common brotherhood. Time passed lightly, and at the hour for refreshment the company were called to order by Oaks Howard, Esq., a blessing invoked by Deacon Lowell, and the plentiful viands were then discussed until appetite said enough. At the suggestion of the chairman, an hour or two was spent in listening to remarks by several of those present. The Editor, after bidding the company welcome to Mount Airy, added some remarks on the benefits and pleasures of neighborly intercourse and the duty of an occasional relaxation of the severer claims of life in order to cultivate social harmony and virtue. After this, Capt. Joshua Wing gave us a series of highly interesting reminiscences, relating to the locality and early settlement of this section of the town. Sixty years had passed since he trudged up the mountain side, a mere child, by the side of his father, who was a pioneer from old Cape Cod, and who commenced a clearing not far from where we stood, and where he reared up a numerous family. The Captain had been an active participant in the labors and privations of this early undertaking, and had done his share in clearing and subduing the forest. He gave us a graphic account of pioneer life, illustrating its lights and shadows by many anecdotes of manners and customs of the time when this old town was new. He was followed by Capt. Jas. Howard, Deacon J. Lowell, and Deacon Anson Stanley, who each had some amusing reminiscences of their early boyhood and schoolboy days which, though long ago passed, seemed to them but as yesterday. After this, the company betook themselves in groups and parties to such amusements and recreations as pleased them most until the approach of evening warned them of home, when they all departed in lively good humor with themselves, and at peace with all the world, and the rest of mankind.

SHIPWRECK IN AUGUSTA.—The novelty of a vessel capsizing and filling with water at the wharf, occurred in this city on Wedesday morning last. The circumstances are these. The schooner Gazelle, Capt. Gage, from New York, laden with corn and flour, arrived at North's wharf on Tuesday evening at about 7 o'clock, the tide being out. The next morning at about 2 o'clock, the crew were aroused by the sudden falling over of the vessel upon her side. She immediately commenced filling and in five minutes the entire cargo, consisting of 3000 bushels corn, and 200 barrels flour, was under water. The cargo belonged to Daniel Woodward, of this city, and is insured for about $3,300 in New York. The loss falls upon the underwriters. Saturday the vessel was righted, and a portion of the corn taken out and sold in small lots at auction.—About 40 barrels flour have been taken out, the balance still remaining on board.

DISTRESSING INCIDENT. A correspondent writing us from Canaan, states that on the 27th of July last, a little girl of Mark B. Howe, of that town, two years old, having crawled into the hog-yard, was attacked by an old hog, who seized the child and tore her in a shocking manner about the face and head, trampling upon her body, and inflicting other injuries. A faint cry from the child attracted her grandmother to the yard, where she found her clinging to the fence with one hand, and frightning off the infuriated animal with a little pail in the other. The little one fainted as soon as she was rescued. It was thought at first that she could not live, but our correspondent states that she has so far recovered as to go out and pick up apples in her little pail, to which she clings as a valued and tried friend.

☞The completed census of Belfast shows a population of 5,520. In 1850, it was 5,020, showing a gain of 468 in ten years.

THE STATE ELECTION.

The election for Governor, County officers, members of the Legislature and Representatives to Congress, took place on Monday last. The result may be summarily stated as follows:—The Republicans have elected Washburne as Governor by a largely increased majority from last year—probably 16,000; carried all the Congressional districts by increased majorities; all the Senatorial districts except Aroostook, in which on account of a division of the democratic strength, there is no choice; elected all their county tickets except that of Knox and Aroostook, the former of which is carried by the democrats by 200 majority; and secured the usual majority, from 50 to 60, of members of the House of Representatives.

The vote of Augusta, for Governor, is as follows:

	1859.		1860.		
	Morrill.	Smith.	Washburn.	Smart.	Barnes.
Ward 1,	163	106	179	126	3
2,	132	92	159	119	4
3,	130	73	170	124	1
4,	75	56	89	67	1
5,	70	51	89	112	1
6,	67	45	85	75	1
7,	83	36	90	59	
	720	459	852	682	11

The vote was the largest thrown in this city. Jas. G. Blaine and Josiah P. Wyman, Republicans, were elected Representatives.

The following are the returns from all the towns in Kennebec County except six, which had not been heard from when we went to press:

	1859.		1860.		
	Morrill.	Smith.	Washburn.	Smart.	Barnes.
Augusta,	720	459	852	682	11
Gardiner,	380	138	633	274	23
Sidney,	216	172	276	160	
Belgrade,	145	128	210	176	15
Chelsea,	48	17	114	49	
Winthrop,	222	110	378	187	
Monmouth,	172	89	294	114	
Windsor,	133	93	175	156	
Manchester,	86	45	149	32	
Pittston,	200	180	278	277	
Vassalboro',	319	185	448	209	13
China,	271	154	322	150	9
W. Gardiner,	90	53	216	58	
Farmingdale,	64	26	121	58	
Hallowell,	220	112	339	138	3
Waterville,	383	205	532	247	22
Readfield,	202	121	230	103	
Fayette,	150	60	151	54	
Mt. Vernon,	132	81	224	85	
Vienna	69	51	110	70	
Winslow,	157	102	207	130	
Clinton,	157	178	162	230	
Benton,	97	126	123	132	
	4633	2885	6574	3771	96

At the time we go to press returns have been received from 152 towns, in which Washburn has 38,443; Smart 26,846; Barnes 1029.

EXHIBITION OF THE BLIND.—Meonian Hall was filled on Tuesday evening last by a deeply interested audience, to witness an exhibition of blind pupils of the Massachusetts Perkins Institute for the Blind, in charge of Miss Maria Moulton, a matron, and Mr. T. J. Campbell, Professor of Music in the Institute. This was one of a series of exhibitions to be given in the larger cities and towns of the State, for the purpose of awakening a more general interest in the subject of educating the blind, and showing to our people what has been and what can be done for the instruction and culture of this unfortunate class of our fellow beings. We were in error last week in connecting their visit to Maine with a movement for the establishment of an institution in this State similar to the Perkins Asylum. Mr. Campbell, in his address to the audience, set forth the importance and necessity of continuing the support hitherto extended to the Massachusetts institution by our State Government. It would require at least fifty thousand dollars to establish a new school upon a suitable basis, and an additional annual appropriation of several thousand dollars more, to keep it in successful operation. He did not think, neither do we, that the people of Maine were prepared, at the present time, to go into such an expenditure, especially when nearly all the advantages to be derived from it the attainable at a trifling cost in an institution already established.

The exhibition consisted of vocal and instrumental music by three of the pupils, girls of 10, 12 and 15 years respectively, under the direction of Mr. Campbell; also exercises in reading, writing, geography, arithmetic, in all which branches of study they showed a proficiency not uniformly attainable by children of the same ages who are blessed with sight. Mr. Campbell, himself blind, is an accomplished musician, and his performance on the piano during the evening gave great satisfaction. His explanation of the methods of instruction in the institution, and the industrial employment of the inmates, was highly interesting, and the entire exercises were calculated to enlist the sympathy and cooperation of all present. We commend him and his pupils to the kind regards and good offices of all who can contribute in any degree to the success of his mission among us.

☞The Belfast *Journal* states that the ship Inspector, of 1200 tons burthen, was launched from the yard of C. P. Carter & Co., of that city, on Monday last. She is owned by Capt. W. O. Alden, of that city, Capt. B. McNear, of New York, and Mr. Chapin of Boston. She will be commanded by Capt. McNear. The Inspector is a three deck ship, intended for cotton freighting, built entirely of white oak, with extra fastenings. She is pronounced by good judges to be not only the best ship ever built on Penobscot shores, but as good a ship as can be built.

COUNTERFEITS. The cashier of the Granite Bank informs us that there are in circulation in this city, well executed counterfeit 3s on Windham County, Vt., Bank, and 5s on the Laighton Bank, Lynn, Mass. The only safety is in rejecting all bills of the above denominations upon these Banks, unless the means of testing their genuineness is at hand.

MAN DROWNED. A man named McKusick, connected with the U. S. Arsenal, in this city, was drowned in the river on Saturday night last. He was of intemperate habits, and had been forbidden by the Commandant of the Arsenal to leave the grounds; but on Saturday night, while intoxicated, he took a boat at the Arsenal wharf, to cross the river, and nothing more was seen of him until his body was picked up on Monday afternoon by a boy who was fishing in the stream.

FIRE.—The *Journal* states that two barns, the property of Mr. Charles Pratt, on the east side of the river, in this city, with their contents of hay and grain and farming tools, were destroyed by fire on Monday night, 3d inst. Not insured, and the origin of the fire unknown.

☞The Maine Pomological Society, and the Portland Horticultural Society have been invited by the Trustees of the Maine State Agricultural Society, to unite with them in their Annual Exhibition on the 25th.

UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE.—The Boston *Journal* states that there was a sale on Wednesday last of a lot of unclaimed baggage at the Worcester depot, consisting of 461 trunks and contents, valises, boxes, parcels, umbrellas, &c., which have remained uncalled for one year. The bidding was quite brisk for a sale where the risk was run of getting a prize or not half the value of the price paid.

A MAGNIFICENT CROP.—The Committee on farms, appointed by the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society, estimate the wheat crop of the State for the year 1860, at 22,000,000 bushels. At anticipated prices this will bring into the State the sum of $12,000,000.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, LATIN AND ITALIAN LANGUAGES WITHOUT A MASTER. By A. H. Monteith, Esq., Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Publishers.

The title of this work will commend itself to independent Young America, who don't like to acknowledge a master in any thing. The Robertsonian method of learning the Latin and Continental languages without the aid of a teacher, has for the last ten years been tested in Europe, and is now, without a single exception, used in all the educational institutions of England, France and Germany. In London, Mr. A. H. Monteith, the most celebrated teacher of Languages in the world, has arranged and perfected this system; and his works on the study of French, German, Spanish, Latin, and Italian, without a master, contained in this volume, immediately obtained a sudden and extraordinary popularity. Any person unacquainted with these languages, can, with the aid of this volume, be enabled to *read*, *write*, and *speak* the language of either, without the aid of a teacher, or any oral instruction whatever, provided they pay strict attention to the instructions laid down in the work, and that nothing shall be passed over without a thorough investigation of the subject it involves; by doing which they will find themselves to be able to *speak*, *read*, or *write*, either language, at their will and pleasure. The whole is contained in Twenty-Seven Easy Lessons. This work is invaluable to any person wishing to learn either or all these languages. It has already run through several large editions in England; for no persons have ever bought a copy of it, without recommending it to their friends. Complete in one large duodecimo volume. Price one dollar and twenty-five cents a copy only, sent free of postage on enclosing the price to the publishers—T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW: A Tale of Domestic Life. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Publishers.

An American novel of stiring interest by a distinguished American authoress, whose works are always eagerly devoured by a large class of readers. The scene is laid in Virginia, in colonial times, when its sons and daughters in grandeur and aristocatic pride and pretension almost rivalled the ancient nobility of Europe. The book abounds in novel scenes and incidents, ingeniously wrought into a plot which carries the mind of the reader with unflagging interest through its pages from beginning to end. The work, bound in cloth, will be sent by mail to any one wishing it, for one dollar and twenty-five cents, free of postage; or in paper covers, for one dollar.

PARTISAN TROUBLES IN CANADA. The progress of the Prince of Wales through the Canadas has not been entirely devoid of unwelcome and unpleasant incidents. His way has not always been strewn with roses, or if it has, the roses have too often concealed the thorn. It would seem that the occasion, so rare in the history of the Colonies, of a visit from the heir apparent of the British crown, should have the effect to sink, for the time being, and in his presence at least, their religious and partizan differences, and unite them in a common and loyal desire to honor the government under which they live, and the sovereign whose rule they acknowledge, through their most illustrious representative. Regardless, however, of the requirements and the proprietics of such an occasion, party spirit has become rampant, displaying itself in the most offensive and violent manner, interrupting the progress of the Prince, and in several instances, preventing the demonstrations which had been prepared for his reception.

The partisan excitement first manifested itself in Kingston, Canada West, and is alleged to have grown out of the precedence given to the Roman Catholics of Quebec at the reception of the Prince in that city. The Orangemen, or Protestant party of Kingston, determined to make a partisan demonstration on the occasion of his visit to that place, in order to rebuke the previous honorable recognition of the Catholic hierarchy. It was understood, however, that the Prince had expressly declared his determination to enter no city in which a partisan display should be attempted. But, in spite of this admonition, the Orangemen erected arches bearing emblems and inscriptions peculiar to their order, assembled in great numbers, clad in full robes and regalia, with the intention of joining in the procession of escort. All efforts having failed to induce them to give up their offensive demonstrations, the Prince refused to land and the authorities proceeded on board the steamer to present their address. While this was done, the Orangemen formed on the wharf, displaying their banners, and shouting their watchword, "No surrender." The Prince and his party then proceeded on the steamer. At Belleville, similar demonstrations were made and the Prince refused to land. At Coburg the Prince landed, no party display being made.

TEACHER'S CONVENTION. A volunteer Convention of the Teachers of Somerset county was held in Athens, commencing on Monday, Aug. 20th, and continuing through the week. D. C. Lyford of St. Albans was chosen President, and A. Stedman, J. W. Bixby, C. F. Taylor, T. S. Emery, D. M. Washburn, Wm. McLaughlin, Vice Presidents; F. W. Potter, and Miss Eunice L. Parlin, Secretaries.

The Skowhegan *Telegraph* says that the Convention was a complete success. In point of interest and real benefit, it far exceeded the Conventions of former years. This was sustained and conducted principally by the teachers themselves, thereby making the exercises of a practical and interesting character. Discussions upon topics pertaining to School Teaching, Discipline, Government, and the interests of education in our Common Schools, was a feature which elicited the attention and co-operation of all. Hon. E. P. Weston, Superintendent of Common Schools, J. H. Sawyer of Hermon, Geo. N. Jackson of Foxcroft, Rev. G. W. Fargo of Solon, were present, and other active and earnest educators were present and aided in the exercises of the occasion. Measures were taken for a permanent organization, and delegates chosen to attend the State Teacher's Association next December.

PENOBSCOT BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—The thirty-fifth annual meeting of this Association was held in North Newport, commencing on Tuesday of last week, and continued three days. The weather was pleasant and the attendance large. Rev. C. P. Rundlett, of Corinth, was chosen Moderator; E. Trask, of Bangor, Clerk; Dea. O. H. Ingalls, Treasurer. The annual sermon was preached by Rev. A. K. P. Sewall, of Bangor. Twenty-five churches were represented by letter and delegates. Membership of the churches in the Association, 1900.

Forty Sabbath Schools were reported, sustained in whole or in part by the churches, (a number being Union Schools,) with a membership of about three thousand. Average attendance about 2100; officers and teachers, 315; adult class, 82; volumes in libraries, 6500; money raised in schools, $350.00; showing an increased attendance and a growing interest in the important department of christian effort. The Association was hospitably entertained by the people of all denominations.

TERRIBLE DISASTER. The following despatch dated Chicago, Sept. 7th, gives particulars of an awful steamboat accident on the Lake Michigan by which more than three hundred lives were lost. The despatch says:

The steamer Lady Elgin of the Lake Superior line, which left here last night, was run into by the sch. Augusta off Waukegan at half past two this morning. The steamer sunk in twenty minutes in 300 feet of water. Only 17 persons are known to be saved including steward and porter. From 350 to 400 persons were on board and among them the Black Yagers, the Green Yagers, and Rifles, and several companies of Milwaukie, who were on a visit to this city. Col. Lumsden of the New Orleans *Picayune* and family were on board and supposed lost. At the time of the accident the schooner was going at the rate of eleven miles an hour.

The son of the proprietor of the London *News* was on board and is supposed lost. The books and papers of the steamer all lost. After the collision the steamer floated south to Winetka, where she sunk.

The clerk of the boat makes the following statement: The Lady Elgin left Chicago at half past 11 o'clock for Lake Superior. Among her passengers were the Union Guard of Milwaukie, composing a part of 200 excursionists from that city. At half past two this morning the schooner Augusta of Oswego came in collision with the Lady Elgin, when about 10 miles from the shore. The vessel struck the steamer at the amidships gangway on the larboard side. The two vessels separated instantly and the Augusta drifted by in the darkness. At the moment of the collision there was music and dancing going on in the forward cabin. In an instant after the crash all was still and in half an hour the steamer sunk. A boat was procured at once with the intention of going round on the larboard side to examine the leak. There were two oars belonging to the boat, but just at that time some person possessed himself of one of them and we were powerless to manage the boat. We succeeded once in reaching the wheel, but were quickly drifted away and thrown upon the beach at Winetka. Only two boats were left upon the steamer; one of them contained 13 persons, all of whom were saved. Before I left the steamer the engines had ceased to work, the fires having been extinguished. The force and direction of the wind was such that the boats and fragments of the wreck were driven up the lake and would reach the shore in the vicinity of Winetka. As I stood upon the beach hopelessly looking back upon the route over which we had drifted, I could see in the gray of the morning objects floating upon the water and sometimes I thought human beings struggling in the water.

When intelligence of the loss of the steamer reached Milwaukie, it spread like wildfire throughout the city. The telegraph offices were thronged all day with relatives and friends of those on board, who manifested the greatest anxiety.

In the first ward of Milwaukie it is said there is scarcely a house or place of business which has not lost some inmate or employee.

All the survivors unite in praise of Capt. Jack Wilson for his great bravery and daring. He was foremost in confronting danger, and earnest for the safety of the passengers. He was drowned within 100 feet of the shore.

Nearly 100 persons arrived within 50 yards of the beach, but were swept back by returning waves and lost.

PRIDE OF PLACE. Christian humility doesn't appear to be the most distinguishing virtue of either branch of the church in Canada, any more than on this side of the line. We learn from the papers that a misunderstanding occurred at Quebec in connection with the Procession in honor of the Prince of Wales. The Mayor, regarding Quebec, as essentially a Roman Catholic city, had made arrangements so that the hierarchy of that Church should take precedence of His Lordship the Anglican Bishop. The Mayor's view was that the Procession was organised under purely municipal jurisdiction, and that the fact of the Province being part of the British Empire was no reason for recognizing the Protestantism of the Monarchy. In consequence of the Mayor taking this view the English Bishop refused to take part in the procession.

☞John B. Gough, the famous temperance orator, who has been absent in Great Britain for the last three years, received, one day last week a "welcome home" at the hands of his fellow-townsmen of Boylston, Mass. After receiving and responding to the expressions of attachment on the part of the people present, Mr. Gough spoke with great power and pathos for an hour and a half, mostly upon his favorite theme. A thousand or more people were present, and the matchless temperance orator showed by the complete mastery he had over them that he is still the prince of pleaders in this reform. No sign of weakness is visible in Mr. Gough. He is unusually full in flesh, and never looked better than he does to-day. The discipline and experience of the last three years abroad have evidently improved him.

THE AMERICAN PRESS IN THE PROVINCES. The members of the American Press were handsomely treated on their recent visit to the Provinces to chronicle the progress of the Prince of Wales. The correspondent of the N. Y. *Times*, a recipient of the hospitality of the people of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick on that occasion, says:

At Halifax the members of the Government invited us to their houses. At St. John the citizens offered us a *recherche* dinner, subscribed $1,000 to carry out the arrangements well, and brought down a torchlight procession to give the affair *eclat*. At Fredericton we were the recipients of the hospitality of the best families. And we were sent free by all the conveyances on the route by which his Royal Highness travelled. Such treatment deserves and demands a public tribute of thanks.

FIRE IN ROCKLAND. At 2½ o'clock on Sunday a fire broke out in Rockland, in the extensive lime manufacturing establishment of F. Cobb & Co. Five sheds were consumed, together with a large quantity of lime casks, wood and implements. The fire department was promptly on hand, but owing to a strong wind from the N. E. were unable to render much service. Loss estimated at $12,000, which is not covered by insurance.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST. This popular agricultural monthly has removed its publication office from Water street New York to the New Times Buildings in Park Row. The eminent success of the *American Agriculturist*, which now counts its 50,000 subscribers, is an indication of the greatly increased desire on the part of cultivators for information upon the best methods of tilling the soil. The present circulation of the *Agriculturist*, it may be remarked, is greater than that of the entire agricultural press only a few years ago. When that journal was started there were but two or three agricultural papers in existence; the agricultural journals now number full forty.

LARGE PREMIUMS. The Directors of the Livingston County Agricultural Society offer the following premiums to be competed for at their annual

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA. The Pony Express from San Francisco 25th ult., arrived at St. Josephs on the 6th inst.

The Pony Express with St. Louis dates arrived at San Francisco on the 10th.

The *Bell* and Everett men are pushing their State organization energetically.

A letter from Virginia City says that it has been ascertained that seven white men who have been missing for some time were burnt to death by the Indians near Pyramid Lake. Their charred remains were found chained to trees.

Large numbers of emigrants continue to arrive at Carson and Honey Lake Valley.

The bark Yankee brings Honolulu dates to Aug. 8.

A bank was about to be started there, with a paper currency not exceeding a million and a half.

PIKE'S PEAK MATTERS. Dates from Denver City of the 28th have been received. Rich placer diggings are reported to have been found near Fort Garland, but the accounts are contradictory.

Nearly two thousand Cheyenes and Arapahoes are ten miles down the Platte river, approaching Denver city; some are threatening violence, but the majority are peaceable. An Arapahoe Indian had been warning the rancheros on Cherry creek that the Kiowas intend cutting off the settlers and destroying Denver city.

LATER FROM MEXICO. Late dates from Mexico inform us that on the 10th of August a battle was fought between Miramon and Degollado, in which the former was defeated. The fight lasted five hours. Miramon was badly wounded, but escaped with a few cavalry, the rest of his army were taken prisoners. Miramon was in full flight for the capital. General Pacheco was killed and General Mejora taken prisoner. There is great excitement throughout the country.

TEXAS.—Accounts of the hanging of five more individuals in Texas for alleged tampering with the slaves, have come to hand. One was executed at Poluxy Springs, another at Gilmer, and the other three at Gainsville. Their names were Tyler, Morrison, Templeton, Hensley and Kirk. But with this news comes the intelligence that there is at least one spot in Texas where the people are not panic stricken.

The Tyler (Smith county) *Sentinel* of the 18th ult., in correcting certain misrepresentations, says that no attempt has been made to fire that town, nor have the citizens of Smith county hung or otherwise violently dealt with any man. The *Sentinel* says:

"After a thorough and most searching investigation by a number of our leading citizens, we are forced to the conclusion that no such thing as an insurrection has been contemplated or even thought of by our slaves. They are to-day as loyal to their masters as they ever were. And we are further of opinion that if any such thing as a servile insurrection has been in contemplation east of the Trinity, it has been confined to one or two small neighborhoods, where it has been promptly suppressed."

SIGNOR FARINI ON THE ROPE WITH A MAN ON HIS BACK—A FRIGHTFUL PERFORMANCE. The town was full of people yesterday, who came from far and near to witness the extraordinary rope walking performance of Sig. Farini.

After spending some time in fixing the guys he was ready for the start, and appeared at the end of the cable with his man. The man selected to bear him company on his perilous journey was Mr. Rowland McMullen. He was about 5 feet 9 inches, and weighs rather over 150 pounds. This, added to the weight of his balancing pole, made a load of over 200 pounds—more than a barrel of flour. Adjusting his burden, he started out over the frightful chasm. Cautiously, yet fearlessly he travelled, while the crowd who witnessed him were under the most intense excitement. After proceeding a short distance he experienced great difficulty from his balancing pole catching under the guys. This, with the lateral, swinging motion of the cable, made the performance one of the most dangerous and fearful we have ever witnessed.

Whatever sensations might have prevaded the people, the bold performers showed no signs of fear. After proceeding a short distance, McMullen got down on the rope and both sat down and rested. They soon resumed their journey, however, and, for variety, McMullen walked and rode at short intervals. In walking he merely placed his hands on the Signor's shoulders and followed. While both were walking it required a wonderful presence of mind as well as courage, to preserve a balance. The Signor had himself and the dissimilar motions of his comrade to attend to. But it was very handsomely done. They made but few stops until they reached the centre of the river. Here, according to the bills, they were to turn around and retrace their steps. While McMullen turned round, the Signor passed under the cable and McMullen, and thus gained the desired position.

After resting sometime they started on their return. This they accomplished with less trouble from the guys. McMullen was alternately on the rope and the Signor's back. The difficult and hazardous act of climbing upon Farini's back must be witnessed to be understood and appreciated. At times the rope swayed so badly that Farini was compelled to stop and stand, or ret down until it became steady. The whole performance was trying to the nerves of spectators. As they came to terra firma the crowd received them with clapping of hands and other manifestations of pleasure.

We have no time now to comment on this performance as its extraordinary character demands. Suffice it to say that it eclipses anything ever before performed on a rope over Niagara river, or anywhere else. We trust Signor Farini will be satisfied with his hard and well-earned laurels, and never undertake to repeat such a daring and truly frightful performance.—*Niagara Falls Gazette, Aug.* 30.

HORRIBLE CRUELTY TO CHILDREN. The London *Times* reports the trial of a schoolmistress in Southwark, named Mary Allen, for shocking cruelty to a child, the daughter of a laborer, which she had adopted. She had beaten the child with a cane and a stick until the miserable little creature was one mass of bruises and clotted blood. She had burnt her with a flat iron. She had compelled her to swallow human excrement. The truth of these facts was proved not only by the evidence of the child herself, but her testimony was corroborated in all material particulars by that of independent witnesses. When called upon for her defense, this abominable woman admitted the truth of the facts charged, but endeavored to excuse herself on the ground that she had only treated the child in such a manner in order to correct her of various faults and propensities. The jury instantly found her "*Guilty*" of the whole charge, and the judge imposed on her the highest penalty the law would admit—three years imprisonment, with hard labor. The same report contains an account of another female fiend, who acted in a manner almost equally cruel to her own child.

A FOUNDLING. Last Thursday night a carriage stopped in front of Mr. Holbrook's, in Bowdoinham, near where the road from the village to Topsham forks towards the Bay Bridge, and a man called at the door and informed the inmates that near the pile of wood, about two rods from the door, he had discovered what he supposed was a bundle of clothing on the ground, but upon examination he found an infant lying there. He regretted his hurry to reach Augusta, and requested the kind people to take charge of the waif *until his return*, when it should be cared for. An infant, apparently not over a month old, was found as indicated, evidently under narcotic influence. The benevolent couple passed on, of course, but the little stranger has fallen into kind hands—a childless family—and we understand will be more tenderly treated than by its unnatural parents.—*Bath Times.*

CAPT. CHATFIELD AND THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT. Some months since we published an account of the heroic conduct of Capt. Chatfield, of the ship Mayflower, in rescuing the crew of the British barque Briton's Pride, off Cape Horn, to the great danger of his own crew. We have now the pleasure of recording the presentation of a beautiful silver telescope to Captain Chatfield, by Lord Lyons, in behalf of the British Government, which was delivered by Mr. Collector Whitney. The Government also have offered to remunerate the owner of the Mayflower, Daniel D. Kelly, Esq., for the supplies furnished the rescued men, but the offer has been generously declined. Such action by all parties is most honorable and praiseworthy.

SINGULAR. John B. Trafton, Esq., of Fort Fairfield, has a crab apple tree in his garden that was girdled by mice two years ago, and there is a space about four inches in length, as hard and dry as a white oak plank, and yet the tree is aden with fruit this year. So says the Aroostook *Herald.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

ONE DAY LATER FROM EUROPE. The Canadian steamship Palestine, from Liverpool and Londonderry, Aug. 23 and 24, passed Farther Point on the 4th inst. en route for Quebec.

The report is confirmed that Garibaldi has commenced operations in Calabria.

France admits breadstuffs duty free.

It is reported that Russia is concentrating troops in Bessarabia, and increasing her naval force in the Mediterranean.

Produce in France is rising in price in consequence of the continued heavy rains which have greatly damaged the harvest.

We have the following interesting details of the embarkation of Garibaldi's advance forces destined for the invasion of Calabria. The forces consisted of about 10,000 men who were to embark at the Faro, a short distance from Messina. We make the following extracts, beginning with the letter of August 9:

If Messina was yesterday the scene of unusual stir and activity, the road to the Faro and the village of Faro Inferiore, with all its neighborhood, was ten times more so. All this space was like an ant-hill—all in motion. In what is called a regular army two-thirds of this space would have been taken up by carts and horses. With us irregulars it is rather different. Baggage is a faint tradition, train unknown, commissariat dispositions shockingly moderate. The soldier carries everything, and that is very little. Happy he if he has an extra shirt and drawers, which take little room in tho haversack, and leave plenty of space for biscuit or bread, and happier still if he has a great coat over his linen or cotton suit. Most have merely a smaller or heavier blanket, which serves instead. In this way our forces can be contracted like the tubes of a telescope. Had it not been for this it would have been impossible to get all the forces collected which found room last night and this morning on and about the Faro Point.

An attack on the Fort of Fimura was chosen as the preliminary to a descent in force. Major Missori was chosen to carry it out. He received about 40 guides, all proved young men, 100 men of the brigade Sacchi, and about 50 men chosen from different corps, under the orders of Col. Le Flot. They were to embark at the Faro at 10 P. M., in boats, and row right across to the Fiumara, below the fort, make a rush at it and escalade it, for which purpose they were to carry ladders and other material with them. Three cannon shot were to be the signal that the *coup de main* had succeeded.

In the meantime the division Cosenz was to be in readiness. About 2000 were to be embarked in three steamers, and the rest prepared to embark in the boats, which were drawn up on the beach, the boats prepared for the guns and horses to be laden in the little lake, and brought out at the moment, to be taken in tow by the steamers. As soon as the disembarkation was happily executed, the steamers were to return and continue to embark the different corps.

The preliminaries were successful enough. Men, steamers and boats were all in readiness, and at the given time thirty-two boats laden with the little band chosen for the first trial. They started under favorable circumstances enough, the night being rather dark, and the Neapolitan steamers at a good distance. Three other boats started a little later, having been detained by the embarkation of *materiel*. All was expectation during the next half hour, and, as the greatest silence prevailed on the other side, and no stir was audible, every one hoped that all was right, when all at once the flash and report of a gun, followed by a few shots of musketry, dispelled this illusion, and hope gave way to anxiety for the fate of this forlorn hope. It was a painful half hour as you may imagine. The sound of oars made an end of it; a rush followed toward the beach, and soon after, one after another, in came the thirty-two boats, bringing the news that they had landed their men without being observed, and were just preparing to return, when the alarm gun was fired from the fort. How the alarm was caused, remained a mystery, which as yet is not sufficiently cleared up.

At the Faro, Aug. 10. Yesterday, about noon, all minds were relieved by the news which came of the forlorn hope on the other side. They were all safe at St. Angelo in the mountains, and had been already joined by a number of Calabrese insurgents. They hoped to be soon numerous enough to undertake something.

In the course of two or three following days, some 1500 of Garibaldi's men were landed and concentrated on the Calabrian coast.

TWO DAYS LATER. The steamer America from Liverpool and Queenstown, Aug. 25th and 26th, passed Cape Race, Sept. 3.

Great Britain. Lord Palmerston stated in the House of Commons that a British subject had been wrongfully imprisoned in Paraguay; and pending the compensation demanded, the two countries would continue interrupted.

In the House of Commons on the 24th, Lord Palmerston said the government had no official information relative to the landing of Garibaldi in Calabria, but had received a telegram confirming the fact. He also said there was no truth in the statement that Austria had threatened to support Naples. She would adhere to the doctrine of non-intervention until her own frontiers were threatened.

A meeting sympathizing with Garibaldi has been held in London.

The funds continued depressed in consequence of the unfavorable harvest prospects.

Large orders for grain had been sent to America and the Black Sea.

The *Times* says a company, combining the manufacturing and mercantile interest, is being organized for the purpose of procuring a larger and better supply of cotton from India.

France. An imperial decree has been issued opening all the ports of France for the admission, duty free, of all kinds of foreign grain and flour. All vessels laden with breadstuffs will be exempted from tonnage dues, irrespective of their flag. This is regarded as an admission of a great deficiency in the French harvest.

The weather continued very wet.

It was reported that the Emperor had ordered the garrisons from Helfat to Memancen, to form a corps d'armes of 100,000 men, who are to be ready with campaign materials and artillery to march at short notice.

Naples and Sicily. The invasion of Calabria and the commencement of the campaign on the main land, by Garibaldi, is fully confirmed.

The town of Reggio had been attacked and taken by Garibaldi. Four thousand Calabrians joined the Garibaldians in this attack.

The Chiefs of the National Guard at Naples had tendered their resignations in consequence of the foreign battalions not being disbanded.

The latest dispatches are only to August 21, and they say that a battle between Garribaldi and the Neapolitan forces was imminent.

TWO DAYS LATER. The steamer Prince Albert from Galway arrived at St. Johns, N. F. Sept. 5 with news two days later.

Great Britain. In the House of Commons on the 25th, Lord Palmerston acknowledged the services rendered to the Christians in Syria by Abdel Kader. He said the British Consul had been instructed to tender him the thanks of the British government.

Mr. Lindsay, member of Parliament, had been authorized to proceed to Washington, to lay before the American Government the views of the British Government relative to the Navigation laws, the rights of belligerents, &c., and to enter into negotiations for opening the coasting trade of the United States to British vessels. He will sail on the 8th of September.

France. The Emperor made a speech at Lyons in response to addresses from the authorities. He condemned the unjust distrust excited abroad, and declared that nothing should make him deviate from the path of moderation and justice. His sole desire was the general interest of France, and he urged them to give themselves up with confidence to the works of peace. He was determined, with God's assistance, that France should not degenerate under his dynasty.

The *Constitutionnel* publishes an article stating that the relations of France and Austria are excellent, and congratulating the latter power on its reform tendency.

Naples, Aug.—There is nothing decisive from Garibaldi.

The Fort of Reggio capitulated on the 21st. The garrison was allowed to leave with muskets and personal baggage only.

Gen. Cosenz, with a considerable force had crossed the straits of Fromicino, and two Neapolitan brigades had surrendered to him at discretion.

The Garibaldians were masters of the Fort of Delpizzo. They had also, after a short fight, occupied the Villa San Giovanni.

The defection of the army at Naples was considered extremely probable, and it was hoped that Garibaldi would enter the city in triumph without bloodshed.

Conflicts had taken place between the Neapolitan troops and some Bersiegliers, who landed from Sardinian vessels.

The Sardinian Government has forbid any more volunteers embarking at Genoa for Sicily.

India and China. Calcutta mails of July 19, and Hong Kong of the 8th, had reached England.

The Indian news is unimportant.

Large bodies of rebels who had taken refuge in the jungles near Bhawawaas, had been routed.

Lord Elgin and Baron Gross had gone to the Gulf of Pecheli. It was thought that they would not attempt to renew futile negotiations, while everything indicated the intention of the Chinese to fight.

All was quiet at Canton.

The rebels continued to advance on Shanghae.

TWO DAYS LATER. The steamer City of Washington from Liverpool Aug. 26, arrived off Cape Race on the 7th inst.

Garibaldi had met with further success in Calabria, and had been proclaimed Dictator.

It is rumored that the King of Naples had left the city and gone on board a frigate.

The Queen of England's speech was read by the Lord Chancellor at the prorogation of Parliament. Her majesty says her relations with foreign powers are friendly and satisfactory and she trusts there is no danger of an interruption of the general peace. She believes if the Italians are left to settle their own difficulties the tranquility of other States will remain undisturbed. She expresses her heartfelt pleasure at the warm reception the Prince is receiving.

The steamship Great Eastern averaged nearly 14 knots an hour on her passage home.

Disturbances at Naples were imminent and appeals to the people to revolt were openly distributed.

Gen'l Basco had left Naples for Calabria with six battallion reinforcements, and a revolutionary movement in Salero was imminent.

The Pope it is said has expressed his readiness to agree to an Italian confederation.

There is nothing important from Syria.

The latest dispatches report that the Royalists had again been defeated in Calabria, and it was reported in Paris on the 29th that the King of Naples had quitted that city on the previous evening and gone on board the frigate Stromboli, and that the Piedmontese occupied the forts. This requires confirmation.

The steamer Prince Albert from Galway 28th, arrived at New York Sept. 9th. Her news is anticipated by the City of Washington.

BIG BIRCH. The Aroostook *Pioneer* tells about a large birch tree in township 14 R. 4, which measures fourteen feet in circumference.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.
CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	$6 00 to 8 00	Round Hog,	$7 00 to 8 00
Corn Meal,	1 00 to 1 10	Clear Salt Pork,	10 00 to 12 50
Rye Meal,	1 25 to 0 00	Mutton,	10 to 12
Wheat,	1 40 to 1 50	Spring Lambs,	6 to 9
Rye,	1 00 to 1 10	Turkeys,	10 to 12
Corn,	80 to 85	Chickens,	10 to 12
Beans,	1 00 to 1 50	Geese,	6 to 8
Oats,	37 to 40	Clover Seed,	
Potatoes, new,	30 to 40	Herdsgrass,—none.	
Dried Apples,	0 to 0	Red Top,	
Cooking "	20 to 25	Hay,	16 00 to 18 00
Winter "	00 to 0 00	Lime,	75 to 80
Butter,	18 to 20	Fleece Wool,	36 to 38
Cheese,	10 to 12	Pulled Wool,	32 to 36
Eggs,	12 to 14	Lamb Skins,	40 to 60
Lard,	14 to 16	Hides,	6 to 6½

FARMERS and others must remember that the prices of many articles in the above list fluctuate somewhat nearly every day—in proportion to their abundance or scarcity in the market, and as we can only give the prices on Tuesday, due allowance must be made.

BRIGHTON MARKET....Sept. 6.

At market, 1300 Beeves, 350 Stores, 3000 Sheep, 1100 Swine.

PRICES—*Beef Cattle.*—Extra, $6 00; first quality, 7 25, second, $6 @ $6 75; third, 4 00 @ $5 50.

Working Oxen.—$75, $79, $80 @ $90.

Milch Cows.—$46 @ $49; common, $19 @ $20.

Veal Calves.—$3 @ $4.

Yearlings—none, two yrs. old 11 @ $12, three yrs. old $13 @ 14.

Hides.—6c @ 6½ ₩ lb. *Calf Skins.*—10 @ 12c ₩ lb.

Sheep and Lambs.—$1, $1 25 @ 1 50; extra $2, $ 2 50 @ $3.50.

Pelts.—50c @ $1.75 each.

Swine—Stores, wholesale 6½ @ 7c; retail 7½c; Spring Pigs, 7 @ 7½c; retail 8½c.; fat hogs, undressed, 6½c.

Beeves are sold by the head, at prices equal to the value per pound of the estimated weight of beef in the quarter, together with the fifth quarter, or the hide and tallow, at the same price, at a shrinkage from live weight agreed on by the parties—varying from 28 to 34 per cent.

REMARKS.—The supply of Beef Cattle is quite large this week yet a few extra sold as high as $7 50 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep and Swine remain about the same.

BOSTON MARKET....Sept. 8.

FLOUR.—Sales of common brands Western at $5 75; fancy brands at $6 @ 6 15; extras $6 25 @ 6 37½ and superior at $6 75 @ $6 50 ₩ barrel. Southern is firm at $6 25 for fancy; $6 50 @ 7 00 for extras; and $7 25 @ 8 50 for superior.

CORN—Yellow 73 @ 78 ₩ bush. Mixed 73 @ 74c ₩ bush.

OATS—Northern and Canada, 42 @ 45c ₩ bush.

RYE—78 @ 85c per bushel.

HAY—Eastern is in demand and has been sold at $21 @ $22 ₩ ton, cash.

NEW YORK MARKET....Sept. 10.

Flour has an upward tendency—sales 19,000 extra western $.94 a 6,30. Southern—sales 2700 barrels—mixed to good 6,20 a 6,40. Canada firm—sales 600 bbls.—superfine 5,70 a 5,80; extra 6,10 a 7,50.

Corn steady—sales 100,000 bushels—mixed 60½ a 70.

Hunnewell's Universal Cough Remedy and its peculiar claims. The introduction of this great development of medical science, was through a six years' trial in most obstinate cases usually found among the poor, and made more so by their poor living. In all the common compounds for Cough and Lung Complaints, it is a fatal error to treat a cough, in the introduction of three perfect opposites, *such as Opium, Ipecac or Antimonial* as a *stimulant* as basis, producing *one grand invert.* To give to the world a preparation which you are obliged to caution patients to abstain from, where nausea or prostration follows, is not only unnatural as a cure, but is against all mathematical law, of medicine. If you cannot make a common enemy of your complaint, and use a constant weapon to drive it out by a constant application, without fear of nausea or prostration, then your complaint will hold its position, and your system is being debilitated, and the complaint becomes chronic. In the UNIVERSAL CORDIAL REMEDY none of these objections exist, but with "in one hand a weapon, and in the other a tool," you drive out disease, and build up, or sustain a debilitated constitution. Let our friends endorse our remarks by trial on all Throat, Lung or Bronchial Complaints, and before doing so, procure and read the pamphlets to be found with our agents or dealers, and buying only of such as they can rely upon, to get the genuine, then the endorsement will be found real, and the results perfect.

☞ See advertisement. 19

Important to Shipmasters and Crews.

Some twenty years since I was very seriously injured in one of my hips by coming in contact with the anchor of the ship of which I was second mate. The wound was such that my hip has given me great trouble most of the time since, until a year ago last April, when I heard of Davis' Pain Killer, and immediately procured a bottle, and by using it according to the directions, was entirely cured in about ten days, and have not experienced the least trouble from my complaint since.

Feeling the importance of having this valuable medicine constantly by me, before starting for Europe in March last, in the ship Louvre, from New York, I purchased two large bottles to take with me. While at Antwerp, one of my crew was attacked with a very severe dysentery; I gave him the Pain Killer, and it cured him in a hurry.

On my passage home with one hundred and sixty-four passengers, I administered this valuable remedy to all who were sick, and none took it without getting relief. One lady passenger I particularly remember, who was with a bad bowel affair, she said there was no cure, having been troubled with it most of the time for years. I told her I had a sure remedy and gave her the Pain Killer, which, to her surprise did effect the cure, for had long sought in vain for. I had as good a medicine chest as ever was put on board a ship, but did not open it, there being no necessity for it—the Pain Killer answering all purposes. And I do most sincerely recommend to every shipmaster always to take a good supply of this valuable medicine with him on going to sea, as it is so valuable and convenient to use in cases of wounds or bruises, which are liable to, and frequently do happen to crews on shipboard.

CHRISTOPHER ALLYN, late Master of the Ship Louvre.

Sold by druggists, grocers, and all medicine dealers. 2w38

MRS. WINSLOW,

An experienced nurse and female physician, has a **Soothing Syrup** for children teething, which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflamation—will allay all pain, and is sure to regulate the bowels. Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and relief and health to your infants. Perfectly safe in all cases. See advertisement in another column. 1y20

Bogle's Hair Dye and Wigs

☞ Are unapproached and unapproachable in their superior merits. Both are perfection. Try the one! see the other! and be convinced. Private rooms for Dyeing Hair and fitting Wigs at **BOGLE'S** Hair work, Perfumery and Toilet Bazaar, 202 Washington street, Boston. 3m39

Bogle's Celebrated Hyperion Fluid

☞ Overtops everything as the greatest restorer and best dressing for the hair in the world. Ye who have been deceived by nostrums, try this and be convinced. IT NEVER FAILS. To be had at W. BOGLE'S Hair work, Perfumery and Toilet Store, 202, Washington street, Boston, and for sale everywhere. 3m39

MARRIED.

Belgrade, April 1st, by Rev. W. Ward, Alonzo F. Tinkham to Adeline S. Coy; Aug. 25th, Isaac W. Stevens to Mrs. Matilda S. Longly of Sidney.

Cherryfield, Aug. 20th, Lot M. Rollins of Havana, to Delia S. Campbell.

East Pittston, by Rev. J. I. Brown, 8th W. Donton of Whitefield, to Louisa M. Stilphen of Dresden.

Fairfield, Aug. 27th, S. James Harwood of Malone, N. Y., to Louisa L. Nye.

Machiasport, Aug. 20th, Geo. A. Parlin, (junior publisher of the Machias *Union,*) to Mary E. Hanscom.

Northport, Lorin Sanford of Lowell, Mass., to Maria L. Pendleton.

Portland, Sept. 5th, Benjamin A. Perkins to Sarah W. Beals.

Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 3d, John Webber of Portland, to Nancy W. Bunker of Kittery.

Richmond, Sept. 8th, Charles H. Tyler of Boston, Mass., to L. Nellie Carney.

Yassalborough, Sept. 2d, by B. Small Jr., Esq., Nathan F. Hall to Mary E. Marshall.

DIED.

Augusta, Sept. 5th, Carrie Homans, infant daughter of Howard and Caroline Pettingill, aged 5 mths. 20 days: William Edward, infant son of S. E. and Delia M. Austin, 13 weeks and 4 days.

Cumberland, July 30th, Ada, 4 yrs.; Aug. 4th, Mary Ellen, 2 yrs; 30th, Melville, 13 yrs. 11 mths.; children of Hiram and Aurelia Humphrey. These children died of the putrid sore throat, which is now prevailing as an epidemic in that vicinity.

Exeter, Peter A. Dalton, formerly of Norridgewock, 48 yrs.

Embden, July 23d, Rivira, widow of the late Norris Danforth, aged 47; Aug. 7th, Rachel, wife of James Adams, 64.

Gorham, of consumption, Martha Colman, youngest daughter of Mrs. Luther Libbey, 20.

Jackson, Aug. 30th, Dorcas, wife of Lewis Davis, 62.

Lawrence, Mass., Aug. 25th, Cleveland F., son of Consider F. Knowles of Skowhegan, 16

Saco, Sept. 4th, Wm. P., only son of Capt. Rufus Banks, 43 yrs. 4 mths.

Sanbornton, N. H., Col. Jeremiah Fletcher, formerly of Wilton, aged 69.

Troy, Aug. 12th, Solomon W. Harding, 38; 27th, Samuel M. Hillman, 23.

CRANBERRY CULTURE.

THE Subscriber has issued a circular on the Cranberry and its culture, and will forward by mail a copy to any one sending a stamp to prepay postage. He has the plants for sale suitable for moist, wet or dry soils, and will send them in a fresh state to all parts of the United States, well packed, and will warrant their safe arrival in good order.

P. S.—I presume it is well-known that I was the first that ever cultivated the Cranberry, and have received Diplomas and Premiums at the American institute, in N. Y., and many other places, for the same. *Friend*

I now inform the public that there are other parties offering for sale plants, that are not the owners of a foot of land, or ever cultivated a rod of land. Their plants are pulled from swamps wherever they can be found, and sold at more than full price for my plants. I now notify the community of Maine that I have no agent in your State, and your only safety to get good plants, is to order them direct from me.

PRICES.—Bell variety $4 per 1000; Cherry variety $2 per 1000; Red Raspberry plants $1,25 per doz.; Orange Blackberry plants at $1 per doz.; Wortleberry plants $1 per doz. A discount made on large quantities.

Address SULLIVAN BATES,
Bellingham, Norfolk County, Mass.
2w39

FOUND AT LAST!

GENIUS has at last discovered a perfect mechanical washerwoman in the matter and form of the

EUREKA.

WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD

to produce its equal in ease and rapidity of hand-working. It is a great labor-saving machine, and another triumph of American ingenuity; something cheap and within the reach of every man. It must of necessity become one of the household gods of every family.

Those wishing to purchase a machine may take them on trial, and if they do not give satisfaction we will take them away.

TOWN AND COUNTY RIGHTS FOR SALE.

ORIN JACKSON, LEVI HICKS,
KENDUSKEAG. 1f39 AUGUSTA.

Wanted Immediately.

AN AGENT in each County in the N. E. STATES to sell one of the most popular Books ever published in this country, viz.:—**LIFE OF WASHINGTON, by Hon. Edward Everett.**

For particulars address, with stamp enclosed,
B. B. RUSSELL,
3w39 515 Washington St. Boston.

Cow Lost.

STRAYED from the pasture of the subscriber, near Winthrop Village, on the 2d inst., a young, half blood Jersey Cow. Said Cow is three years old, of a light red color, with short bug horns and long tail. Any person who will give information where she can be found, shall be suitably rewarded. SAMUEL J. BONNEY.
Winthrop, Sept. 10, 1860. 3w39

Stray Horse.

CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber on the 10th inst., a small sized, light grey horse, about 10 years old, with the heaves.

A. H. JONES.
China, 9th mo. 11th, 1860. 3w29*

WE THE UNDERSIGNED, Dry Goods dealers of the City of Augusta, do agree to close and lock our respective places of business at seven o'clock, P. M., from Sept. 10th 1860, till April 1st, 1861, Saturday evenings excepted.

HOLCOMB & CASWELL, GEO. F. POTTER,
S. & O. C. WHITEHOUSE, S. TOWNE,
NASON, HAMLIN & CO., KILBURN & BARTON.
3839.

Maine State Horse Show at Augusta.

THE SUBSCRIBER would inform his friends and the public that one part of the exhibition will be his well spread Tables, as usual, which part of the exhibition all are invited to examine.

N. B ☞ Boarders taken from Monday night to Saturday morning. 1w39 HIRAM SIMPSON.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Court of Probate held at Augusta, on the first Monday of September,* 1860.

JULIA A GETCHELL, widow of AMAZIAH GETCHELL, late of Litchfield, in said County, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice therefore be given three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, printed in Augusta, in said County, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at AUGUSTA, on the second Monday of October next, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. J. BAKER, *Judge.*
A true copy. ATTEST:—J. BURTON, *Register.* 39*

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of

JOSEPH HASKELL, late of Monmouth,

in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons therefore, having demands against the Estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement, and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

August 27, 1860. 39* JOEL HAM.

KENNEBEC, SS.—*At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the first Monday of September, A. D.* 1860.

ANDREW GRAY, Guardian of DAVID JEWETT, of Monmouth, in said County, non compos, having presented his sixth account of Guardianship of said Ward for allowance:

ORDERED, That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the second Monday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*
A true copy. Attest—J. BURTON, *Register.* 39*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the first Monday of September,* 1860.

JANET WADE, widow of JOHN F. WADE, late of Augusta, in said County, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given, three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, in said County, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be holden at Augusta, on the second Monday of October next, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*
True copy. Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 39*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the first Monday of September,* 1860.

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT purporting to be the last will and testament of NOAH TILTON, late of Monmouth, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Augusta, in said County on the second Monday of October next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.*
True copy. Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 39

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the first Monday of September,* 1860.

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT purporting to be the last will and testament of WILLIAM A. MACOMBER, late of Monmouth, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Augusta, in said County, on the fourth Monday of September next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.*
True copy. Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 38*

To the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE PETITION of ISAAC KINGMAN, Administrator on the estate of BENSLEY C. SNELL, late of North Bridgewater, in the County of Plymouth and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, deceased, intestate, respectfully represents, that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts and demands against said estate by the sum of four hundred dollars;—that said deceased died seized and possessed of certain real estate, situate in Manchester, in the County of Kennebec, and State of Maine, described as follows:—One undivided sixth part of the homestead farm of the late Bensley Caldwell, of said Manchester, deceased:—That a partial sale of said real estate would injure the remainder thereof; that advantageous offers have been made to him for said real estate, by Henry A. Caldwell and others, including the reversion of the widow's dower therein, and that the interest of all concerned will be promoted by an immediate acceptance thereof. Said Administrator therefore prays that he may be authorized to accept of said offers, and sell said real estate to the person making the same. ISAAC KINGMAN.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—In Probate Court at AUGUSTA, on the first Monday of September, 1860.

On the petition aforesaid, ORDERED, That notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of September inst., in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden in Augusta, and shew cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.*
A true copy of the Petition and Order thereon.
Attest. J. BURTON, *Register.* 38*

Notice.

I HAVE given to my son, FRANCIS A. BILLINGTON, a minor, his time during his minority to transact business for himself, and shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date.

EPHRAM N. BILLINGTON.
Witness: NATHANIEL SWIFT.
East Livermore, Aug. 28, 1860. 2f*

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the Estate of

AMAZIAH GATCHELL, late of Litchfield.

In the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the Estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

July 23, 1860. 38 MARK GATCHELL.

DEVONS,
(PURE AND FULL-BLOOD,)
FOR SALE
By JOHN F. ANDERSON, South Windham. 30

Groceries.

A GENERAL assortment of WEST INDIA GOODS and GROCERIES cheap for cash. JOHN MEANS, Agent.
Augusta, Aug. 21, 1860. 38

Hill Side Plows.

IMPROVED HILL SIDE PLOWS—does good work on flat land. Common HILL SIDE PLOWS—different sizes.
JOHN MEANS, Agent.
Augusta, Aug. 21, 1860. 38

Spinning Wheels.

HAKER SPINNING WHEELS and PATENT HEADS.
August 21, 1860 38 JOHN MEANS, Agent.

Dry Measures.

SEALED Dry Measures at No. 6 Union Block.
20 J. HEDGE & CO.

TEAS OF ALL GRADES.
30 J. HEDGE & CO.

Ground Coffee.

PURE GROUND JAVA COFFEE.
30 J. HEDGE & CO.

Currier's Stock.

STRAITS, Bank and Shoe Oil; Tallow and Lampblack constantly for sale either at wholesale or retail by
JOHN McARTHUR.
44tf Nos. 1 & 3 Market Square.

Fresh Ground Plaster

CONSTANTLY on hand and for sale in large or small quantities. The best quality of Blue Plaster.
1f33 COLBURN & FAUGHT.

Ground Plaster.

THE Subscribers are now prepared to furnish the above article, in large or small quantities, at their mills in Hallowell.
Hallowell, Oct. 1859. 50 S. PAGE & CO.

Churns.

PATENT CYLINDER, and DASH CHURNS.
36 JOHN MEANS, Agent.

Caution.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned and warned against purchasing a note of hand bearing date as follows:—Monmouth August 18, 1860, for the sum of twenty dollars, made payable to John H. Johnson or order, and payable in six months from date, with interest, and signed by Luther R. Merrill, as said note is without consideration and will not be paid.

LUTHER R. MERRILL.
Monmouth, Sept. 11, 1860. 3w39*

To Let.

THE House occupied by Alonzo Gaubert on Bridge Street. For information inquire of
DANIEL WOODWARD.
Augusta, Sept. 10th, 1860. 3w39

HOLCOMB & CASWELL,

Successors to W. Joseph & Co.,

ARE now opening an entire new stock of **FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC**

**DRY

The Muse.

MATINS.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee!

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As, in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning-star doth rest,
So in this stillness Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last in that bright morning
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

The Story Teller.

DEACON PALMER'S FAMILY.

The sound of the stage-horn flowed in sweet, mournful currents, in and out of the hollows, and the echoes among the hills caught them up, and tossed them back and forth through the forest, and they rang in long silvery eddies up the turnpike and over the meadows, and across the orchards, till they reached the ears and stirred the hearts of the quiet little village of Woodstock, whose farm-houses sat in the valley, at the foot of a long chain of hills, like a company of pilgrims gathered to worship at the shrine of a vast temple. It was just at sunset, and somehow, those long, mournful minor tones seemed the fitting close of the day's service—that autumn day which had arisen on the mountains in garments of sunshine, and marched through the hours in beauty and rejoicing, a living "Glory to God!" the creator of its good and perfect gift.

But it was a day fraught with dread and foreboding to thousands of homes and hearts in the land, for the voice of war was abroad in the earth, and mothers had strained their brave sons for the last time to their bosoms, and seen them go forth to the battle, and husbands and fathers had laid aside the plow and the scythe, and shouldered their muskets, and taken their lives in their hands for the sake of freedom, and in the name of the God of battles.

So deep shadows lay on the quiet country thresholds of almost every home in New England that autumn day, and almost every hearthstone was an altar where anxious, loving hearts sent up a cry to God for their beloved. Mrs. Palmer, wife of Dea. John Palmer, of Woodstock, stood in the wide, old-fashioned kitchen of the dingy yellow farm-house, which she brought her husband on her marriage morning. She was an ample, motherly, pleasant-faced looking woman, whose whole physiognomy corresponded with the room. Strings of red peppers and rows of dried apples were festooned along the ceiling, while a swinging-board, fastened to the beam which divided the hall overhead, was burdened with herbs and berries, hams, dried beans, seeds, and a motley variety of domestic wares.

Mrs. Palmer's life had slipped over its fiftieth summer, and her black hair was thickly sifted with grey, and there were lines about her forehead, and the smile in her faded eyes had something sorrowful about it, for Mrs. Palmer had walked with grief many times; and of the ten fair boys and girls who had been gathered to her maternal heart, only two remained to her old age. It was a small family under the roof of the old grey homestead on earth, but a larger one in that golden, upper homestead, whose blessed threshold is never darkened by the shadows of death.

Mrs. Palmer paused as she caught the faint, sweet echoes of the stage-horn, and she deposited half a dozen freshly-boiled doughnuts in the pan on the table, murmuring to herself, "Now, for all the world, if that isn't the mail coming in! Who knows but what there may be news from Reuben?" Ah! if you had heard how her voice lingered over the name, you would have known she was his mother.

"I wonder if that boy'll take any sort o'care of himself," continued the fond mother, dexterously convolving several strips of dough, and placing them in the large iron kettle which hung over the fire, filled with boiling fat, which indignantly snapped and sputtered at their intrusion.

"If there was a fray, he'd be sure to be foremost, for he was always poking his head into all sorts of danger, and never seemed to feel quite so content as when there was a chance o'getting his neck off his shoulders.

"I never could exactly see where he got his harum-scarum turn, for his father was al'ays a sober-minded man; but it was amazin' how he'd be eartin to come out straight. I never had an easy hour for the first ten years of his life, for fear he'd be brought home with broken limbs; but arter he'd gone through with what would a killed a dozen ordinary children, I kind o' gave up. I concluded he bore a charmed life.

Bless his heart! my brave, handsome boy never gave his mother a cross word in the world; and I saw the tears a shinin' under his lashes that mornin' when he kissed me good bye, afore he started for the army, though he talked so bold and cheery about his coming back a cap'n or a colonel.

Poor fellow! I hope he won't get the rheumatis campin' out nights, and they say they have to put up with fare such as we wouldn't have the face to offer to a smart dog, I wish I could do up a paper of these doughnuts for the boy, he al'ays was fond of 'em. Dear me! them cakes are burnin',' dipping her large tin laddle into the boiling fat; "but it al'ays flustrates me when I get to thinkin' o' Reuben. I'm reminded sometimes o' what Parson Hunter said to me; 'Mrs. Palmer, you musn't make an idol of your son. He belongs to the Lord.' I know it's true as Scriptur, but I can't help thinkin' the Lord will show marsy on my weakness, cos he's all I've got, and after a great many struggles I've given up the others to Him; but my life's bound up in that boy, and if anything should happen to him, God knows it would break his poor mother's heart." And Mrs. Palmer broke down here, and she sat down on the old oaken chest, and wiped her eyes on the corner of her check apron.

Light warblings of some old psalm-tune fluttered down the stair-case, and then the door opened, and a pleasant-looking girl burst into the room.

Rebecca Palmer was twenty-two, and the sight of her bright, young face was like a picture rejoicing the eyes. She was not beautiful, but her cheeks were full of the glow of youth, and the richness of perfect health.

"Well, child," said Mrs. Palmer, taking her kettle from the crane, "you jest bustle round spry, and get up supper. Your father and the men will come home clear tuckered out, for they have been fellin' trees all day, and we must get a hearty meal for 'em. You slice up some ham, too, and fry a dozen eggs, while I fix up some short cake."

"Mother did you hear the stage-horn?" asked Rebecca, as she laid the cloth she had spun with her own hands, for the supper.

"Yes; and I was kind of impressed there was news from Reuben."

"I wonder what keeps father so?" remarked Rebecca.

"Likely as not he's gone round to the tavern, to learn if there's any tidings from the army."

Another half hour throbbed itself away in the pulses of the great old-fashioned clock in the corner, and both the women had began to grow alarmed at the deacon's prolonged absence, when they caught the click of the gate-latch, and his heavy tread along the foot-path.

They saw him stop, as usual, at the wooden trough, at the well and wash his hands there, and then he came into the kitchen.

"Why, father," began Mrs. Palmer, with a little wifely admonition, "what has kept you so long? I ra'ly began to get scared about you."

"And the supper's about burnt to cinders," added Rebecca, who was in something of a hurry to get the table cleared in time for singing-school.

The deacon was a square-built, sun-browned man, with shaggy eyebrows and weather-beaten face. He came toward the table with a slow, groping movement, which neither of the preoccupied women noticed, and he cleared his throat twice before he spoke.

"I was detained a spell on some matter of my own;" and Mrs. Palmer and Rebecca at once concluded that he alluded to some bargain with a neighbor.

"Don't you see the chair there, father?" asked Rebecca; for the old man stood as still as a statue before the table, though his daughter had just placed his seat at his elbow, and now he sat down without speaking a word.

"Why, husband, I do believe you're deaf to-night! You heve'nt taken your hat off," exclaimed Mrs. Palmer.

"Don't wife, don't;" and the old man laid his straw hat on the floor beside him.

The two women bent their heads reverently over the board, waiting for the deacon to invoke his customary blessing upon the meal, but no sound broke the stillness.

Mrs. Palmer glanced up at her husband; his head, too, was bent over his plate; and a stream of light falling on his face revealed it fully to her gaze. "John, something has happened to you to-night," she said, leaning forward, and breathlessly searching his face.

A deep, convulsive sort of groan heaved out of the old man's lips, and both the women grew white as they heard it.

"O, what is it father? do tell us!" fluttered up the frightened voice of Rebecca.

Mrs. Palmer arose and went to her husband, and laid her shaking fingers on his hard hand.

"O, John, it aint anything about Reuben? She cried out the words as one might if a sword had struck suddenly into his heart.

Rebecca had sat still at the table, her sweet face struck white with wonder and fear, and her brown eyes fastened on her parents; but now she sprang up and dropped down on her knees at the deacon's feet. "O, father, do say it isn't Reuben," and her voice was like her mother's.

The deacon opened his lips, but he could not speak. He took the hands of his wife and child, and covered them with his own trembling ones. "O, Lord have mercy upon us!" groaned the stricken man, and then they knew.

Mrs. Palmer crept up to her husband, and then whispered in a faint, broken voice, "Just say my boy isn't dead, father. I can bear almost anything else."

The deacon made no answer; but the great tears fell down his furrowed cheeks, and it was enough.

The tidings of the disastrous battle at Long Island, which closed the summer of seventeen hundred and seventy-six, had filled the land with mourning, for thousands of widows and orphans had been made in that terrible hour when so many brave Americans lay dead on the battle-field, and the news of the successful skirmish which took place the following month near King's Bridge in New York, was everywhere hailed with gladness and gratitude, and the little village of Woodstock bore its part in the general rejoicing on that autumn night, when the stage first brought in the tidings.

The deacon's family was not the only one in the village of Woodstock to whom the news brought any sorrow, for it was in this engagement that Reuben had fallen. He was a great favorite of the village, and every heart was filled with sadness at the thought of that bright, handsome face lying stark and rigid on the battle-field.

It was late that evening when Parson Hunter entered the stricken house, for friend and neighbors feared to intrude on its awful grief. But the tender hearted old minister could not rest till he had carried the sweet balm of his love and faith into their broken hearts.

Parson Hunter was a tall, white-haired old man, a fine representative of the staunch old Puritan minister, but beneath a stateliness and austerity of manner beat a heart where were all fair and fragrant blossoms, and golden fruits of charity, and love; a heart in whose pleasant goodly paths the angels loved to walk with their shining faces, and of whom they wrote, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The minister found the family in the kitchen, where we left it, utterly crushed down by grief which expressed itself neither by moans nor tears.

Mrs. Palmer sat in the large arm chair before the fire, where her husband had placed her, the crimson light fluttering over her pale face, which seemed frozen to stone, and her tearless eyes fastened in a blank gaze on the wall, and it was well, perhaps that alarm for her reason or her life had somewhat diverted the thoughts of the deacon and his daughter from the dead to the living, though it seemed to the minister that the last hour had done the work of years on both of them.

"My friends," said the minister, speaking in his deep, solemn tones, "I should not have come into your house of mourning to-night, feeling that the Lord could speak to your hearts better than I; but I remembered that it was twenty-four years ago this very month when you brought Reuben to the altar to dedicate him to his God, and I felt that I had a right and a title to come."

And these words unlocked Mrs. Palmer's face. She turned suddenly toward the old man as the vision of that Sabbath morning rose and walked up its long path of years, and stood before her.

"I see him! I see him!" she sobbed out, "with the little brown curls a dancin' round his face, and the merry blinkin' eyes under them. My little Reuben! he was the sweetest baby that ever gladdened a mother's heart, and I was so proud of him, and I thought God would spare him to be the staff of his mother's old age, because I had given all the others to him. O, Parson Hunter, it can't be true that I shall never look into his face again, never hear the sound of his voice, that he's lyin' off there on the battle-field, and his mother not there to smooth away the hair from his forehead, or give him one kiss when he looked in her face for the last time!"

The old man sat still, overwhelmed by this mighty burst of a mother's agony. He closed his eyes for the tears that filled them, and felt that for her he had neither hope nor consolation.

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!"

The low, solemn tones of the preacher, scarcely above a wisper, fell into the hearts of hearers and stilled them, as man's never could, as only God's can.

Blessed Bible words, which we read over in the morning lessons and evening service, and never know the fulness and richness, the depths of meaning there are in them, till some awful sorrow of our own touches the springs, and then we go in, and lo! these old familiar passages are like stately rooms resting on massive pillars, and garnished and adorned with all fair and beautiful things, or they rise before us like gardens filled with beautiful trees whose branches are burdened with gold and purple fruit, whose winds are filled with the sweet breath of flowers, and whose silence is stirred by the voice of soft-falling waters, amid which the soul may walk and be refreshed.

O, reader, for you, too, sooner or later, must come this time when all earthly help shall fail you, when no human words can be of avail or of healing to you, and in these silent and awful sorrows when only the voice of God can speak to the heart, you, too, may find what it is to have the windows of the promises opened, and your soul shall sit down under their blessed shadows and be healed.

Days passed away. A young man walked along the country road slowly and wearily, leaning on a stout oaken staff; his face was ghastly white, and he wore the blue uniform of the "contimentals." He had a terrible wound on his right shoulder, and had been left on the battle-field for dead. He opened the back gate softly, and gazed all about him—at the wood-pile in one corner of the great yard near the sun-flower stalks and the small quince trees which grew on one side of the old brown homestead of Deacon Palmer.

Suddenly the door opened, and Rebecca Palmer came out of the door with a tin basin in her hand, and the man's heart leaped as he heard her say:—

"Never mind sprinklin' them clothes, mother; I'll attend to it as soon as I've hunted up a few of them winter pears to stew for supper," and he saw the light, rapid figure hasten round the corner of the house to the old pear tree just in the edge of the pasture, which he remembered climbing so many times in his boyhood, and amid the branches of which he had gathered the faded birds' nests every fall. He followed the quick figure stealthily, and stood still a moment just outside the bars, and she did not see him, for her back was turned, and she had dropped down on the yellow grass, and was searching amid it for the fruit which the wind had shaken off.

"Becky, Becky, I say."

She turned quickly, and as her eyes fell upon his face a ghastly pallor crept over hers. She covered it with a shriek, not loud; for it seemed to lie for very terror in her throat.

"Why, Becky, do look up here! Haven't you got a better welcome than this for your brother, when he's come back from the dead like?"

But she cowered close down in the grass, and moaned and shivered like the leaves in the old pear tree.

"See here, now, what on earth ails you? If you take me for a spirit, jest look up, and I'll be able to convince you I'm honest flesh and blood yet."

He lifted her up with one arm, for she was too weak betwixt fright and wonder to resist; but the old, familiar, hearty tones, half assured her.

She lifted her face from her hands and looked at her brother a moment with a strained and wild glance, then the glad truth broke into her heart, for the hazel eyes had the old wasted face.

"O, Reuben, Reuben, I jest thought it was a ghost!" and she fell upon his neck with a wild sob of joy.

It was long before he could get her to talk rationally. She would throw her arms around his neck, and hugging him tightly, murmur such tender words over him betwixt sobs and laughter as Rueben Palmer had not heard since he lay a babe in his mother's crib.

"You precious, darling fellow, have you really come back to us alive? Bless your heart, how white and changed you are. O, Reuben, darling is it really you or am I dreaming?"

And at last the girl grew calmer, and was able to tell her brother of that terrible night when the awful tidings came of his death, and how they hadn't one of them smiled since, and how, though his mother tried to "bear up," every one who looked in her face could see that her heart was broken.

And then both the younger man and the maiden sat down on the grass, and wept as though they were little children.

At last Rebecca rose up. "O, what will mother say? You must come right into the house, Reuben, only p'raps I'd better break it to her slow like, for she's weakly now, and the sudden joy might kill her. O, there's father!"

And they saw the old deacon come slowly into the yard, and alight from his horse just before the barn door, and remove the heavy bags of flour from the animal's back, for the old man had just returned from the mill.

"We'll go and tell him first. You just keep around the corner of the barn, and I'll break the news," cried Rebecca.

She came panting up to her father just as he was leading the horse into the barn.

"O, say, father, I want to tell you—something has happened!"

The old man turned and looked into the eager face of his daughter, and his son, standing a little way off, could see the change which the last two week had wrought in his face.

"Well, what is it, my child?"

"You'll be so glad, father, and yet—I can't tell it. O, Reuben, do come here!"

And he came out. "Father!"

The vague superstitions which almost all country people held at that period, of ghosts who haunted their old homes, and visits made by the dead to the living, at once suggested even to the well-balanced mind of the deacon the possibility of his son's spirit returning to him.

He turned white as his child had done, but he did not speak, and Rebecca cried out, "Don't be afeared, father. It isn't a ghost, but Reuben's old self, and he wasn't dead, as we all thought."

One long, greedy glance, and the father knew his child.

"O, Reuben, my son Reuben, the Lord be praised!"

And the father and son fell upon each other's necks, like Joseph and Jacob of old, and wept.

"We must break it to mother easy, children, or it'll eartain kill her for joy," said the old man, vigorously wiping his face with his pocket handkerchief.

So it was arranged that Deacon Palmer should go in and break the joyful tidings to his wife according to his best judgement.

The trio went up to the house. Deacon Palmer entered the kitchen, and his children stood just outside the door, where they could hear every word. Mrs. Palmer was slicing some apples into a wooden bowl. She did not look up as her husband entered; all these weeks she had gone on with her household duties carefully and assiduously as ever, but with a face which grew more pale, patient every day—more like the faces over which the grasses grow, and the winds walk.

"Wall, Becky," she said, "I couldn't make out what had kept you. You've been a heap of time huntin' them pears."

All the life had gone out of her voice,—it was as full of grief and patience as her face.

"It's me, mother, not Becky. I've just got home from the mill, and I've heard good news."

"What kind o' news, father?" with scarcely a faint stir of interest.

"Abem—wall, this was from the army."

The old woman sighed. "Then the Lord's given us another victory over our enemy."

"Wall, not that exactly. It's somethin' that consarns us more nearly—somethin' that'll give you great joy, mother."

Poor old man! He was internally congratulating himself on the tact and discretion with which he had approached his subject; but he could not keep a tone of triumphant gladness out of his voice, and he was not astute enough for a woman's quick intuitions.

"John," she said, turning round and looking him full in the face—a look that staggered him—"have you heard anything about Reuben?"

"Wall, yes, it did consarn him—." He broke down here. "Reuben, come in and let your mother see for herself."

"Mother!"

She gave one long, greedy look as his shadow fell over the threshold. She comprehended it all in that glance, and stretched out her arms as he rushed forward, but they only clutched at the air, for before she could gather him to her heart, she had fallen to the floor. Her son, that was dead, was alive again, but the mother's joy was more than her heart could bear. But the color soon came to the faded cheeks, and at eventide on that happy day, was heard in good Deacon Palmer's house the voice of praise and thanksgiving to Him who in His wisdom "taketh away," but in mercy "restoreth again."—*Ladies' Repository.*

PHYSIOLOGY OF REPRODUCTION.

A late number of the Westminster *Review* contains the following interesting article on the above topic:

The student of nature wonders the more and is astonished the less, the more conversant he becomes with her operations; but of all the perennial miracles she offers to his inspection, perhaps the most worthy of admiration is the development of a plant or an animal from its embryo. Examine the recently laid egg of some animal, such as a salamander or a newt. It is a minute spheroid, in which the best microscope will reveal nothing but a structureless sac, enclosing a glairy fluid, holding granules in suspension. But strange possibilities lie dormant in that semi-fluid globule. Let a moderate supply of warmth reach its watery cradle, and the plastic matter undergoes changes so steady and purpose-like in their succession, that one can only compare them to those operated by a skillful modeller upon a formless lump of clay. As with an invisible trowel, the mass is divided and subdivided into smaller and smaller portions until it is reduced to an aggregation of granules not too large to build withal the finest fabrics of the nascent organism. And, then, it is as if a delicate finger traced out the line to be occupied by the spinal column, and moulded the contour of the body; pinching up the head at one end, the tail at the other, and fashioning flank and limb into due salamandrine proportions, in so artistic a way that, after watching the process hour by hour, one is almost involuntarily possessed by the notion that some more subtle aid to vision than an achromatic glass would show the hidden artist, with his plan before him, striving with skillful manipulation to perfect his work.

As life advances, and the young amphibian ranges the waters, the terror of his insect contemporaries, not only are nutritious particles supplied by its prey, by the addition of which to its frame growth takes place, laid down, each in its proper spot, and in such due proportion to the rest, as to reproduce the form, the color and the size characteristic of the parental stock; but even the wonderful powers of reproducing lost parts possessed by these animals are controlled by the same governing tendency. Cut off the legs, the tail, the jaws—separately or all together—and, as Spallanzan showed long ago, these parts not only grow again, but the redintegrated limb is formed on the same type as those which were lost. The new jaw or leg is a newt's, and never by any accident more like that of a frog. What is true of the newt is true of every animal and plant; the acorn tends to build itself again into a woodland giant such as that from whose twig it fell; the spore of the humblest lichen reproduces the green or brown incrustation which gave it birth; and the other end of the scale of life, the child that resembled neither the paternal nor the maternal side of the house would be regarded as a kind of monster. So that the one end to which in all living beings the formative impulse is tending—the one scheme which the Archæus of the old speculators strives to carry out—seems to be to mould the offspring into the likeness of the parent. It is the first great law of reproduction that the offspring tends to resemble its parent or parents more closely than anything else.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.

The following extract is from a letter written upon the death of a child:

It went in the morning—a bright and radiant morning—many went yesterday, more to-day, and there are dews to be shed for the departures of to-morrow. And can it be wondered that pleasant summer mornings should beguile them into goings? Is it a marvel that they do not wait for the burden and the noon, but follow the lark and hear her song over the ruin of the rainbow? That those words so beautiful, they should make so true, "and joy cometh in the morning?"

Going in the morning! a glorious morning—when the sky is all in beauty, and the world is all bliss; ere the dews have gone to heaven, or the stars have gone to God; when the birds are singing, and the cool winds are blowing and the flowers are out that will be shut at noon, and the clouds that are never rent in rain, and the shadows inlaid with crimson lie away to the west.

We have sometimes seen a little coffin, like a casket for jewels, all alone by itself in a huge hearse, melancholy with plumes, and gloomy as a frown—and we have thought, not so, should we accompany those a little way, who go in the morning. We have wondered why they did not take the little coffin into the carriage with them, and lay it gently upon their laps, the sleeper there lulled to slumber without a bosom or a cradle. We have wondered what there was for tears in such a going—in the early morning from home to home—like fair white doves with downy wings emerging from neither night and fluttering for entrance at the windows of Heaven. Never has there been a hand wanting to take the wanderer in, and shut out the darkness and the storm.

Upon those little faces it never seemed to us that death could place his great seal; there is no thought of the charnel-house in those young listeners to that invitation, whose acceptance we are bound not to forbid; there should be morning songs and no sighs; fresh flowers and not badges of mourning; no tears nor clouds, but bright dews and bright dawnings together.

Fold up the white robe; lay aside the forgotten toy; smooth the little unpressed pillow, and gently smile as you think of the garment, of the harp of gold, and of the fair brow with its diadem of light; smile as you think that no years can make that memory old: An eternal, guileless child, waiting about the threshold of Paradise for the coming friend from home.

Here the glad lips would quiver with anguish; the bright curls growing grizzled and gray; the young heart weary and old, but there, changeless as the stars, and young as the last, new morning.

The poet tells of a green bough rent by the tempest from the tree, and swept rudely along the breast of an angry river, and a mother bird with cries of grief fluttering beside it, for her nest and nestlings were there. Ah! better to be wafted away from earth, than thus that they should drift around the world in storm.

SLEEPING AND EATING.

Hall's Journal of Health says: "For persons who eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter, and a cup of warm drink. No one can starve on it, while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising of a day of comfort."

Yes, yes; by *omitting* the third meal, the individual, besides securing a night of sound sleep, will not find on awakening in the morning a bad taste in his mouth, so indicative of general foulness.

If one would always have a sweet mouth and a clean tongue, he can secure them both by simply ceasing to overtax his stomach. This frequent eating is an evil, mischievous habit, ruinous of both health and comfort; and it prevents the individual from receiving the great amount of enjoyment which it was intended he should receive from eating, and which is necessary to perfect nutrition.

Nothing should be eaten between regular meals, whether these meals are taken two or three times a day; nor should one eat that the quantity ingested will induce heaviness or uncomfortable feelings.

The cook tastes the food she prepares, and by this frequent tasting she destroys both the relish for her meals and health. There are many housekeepers who have the same pernicious habit.

We know of farmers who, at the close of a long summer day, during which they have eaten heartily five times, and worked hard from four o'clock in the morning to nine at night, eat freely just before going to bed.

The stomach, already enfeebled by constant working under disadvantageous circumstances, has now imposed on it an impracticable task, and the men lie down to sleep! Next morning they are nerveless—have scarcely slept all night—feel more wearied than they did when they laid down—and, on the whole, think the farmer lives a dog's life. So he does, so far as he sinks to mere animalism—living to eat—tasking his digestive apparatus at the expense of health, life and life's enjoyments. So on from day to day, till nature makes a desperate effort to rid the body of the superfluous food introduced into it, burning it by fever, or expelling it by some different remedial effort.

Farmers, being so much in the open air, with abundant exercise, should be the healthiest people; but like others who are cursed with "abundance of bread," they are rheumatic, bilious, dyspeptic. This is a shame and and a sin. Farmers, it is a sin. Your liver complaints, chill fevers, &c., are as unnecessary as is the plague. Health and sweet sleep will come to you when you need, unless by bad habits you drive them away. "Go and sin no more."

MAKING FUN.

Once, when traveling in a stage coach, I met a young lady who seemed to be on the constant look-out for something laughable, and not content with laughing herself, took great pains to make the others do the same.

Now, traveling in a stage coach is rather a prosy business. People in this situation are apt to show themselves peevish and selfish; so the young lady's good humor was for a time agreeable. Every old barn was made the subject of a passing joke, whilst the cows and hens looked demurely on, little dreaming that folks could be merry at their expense. All this was perhaps, harmless enough. Animals are not sensitive in that respect. They are not likely to have their feelings injured because people make fun of them; but when we come to human beings, that is quite another thing. So it seemed to me, for after a while an old lady came running across the fields, swinging her carpet bag at the coachman and in a shrill voice begging him to stop.

The good-natured coachman drew up his horses, and the old lady, coming to the fence by the roadside, squeezed herself through two bars which were not only in a horizontal position, but near together. The young lady in the stage coach made some ludicrous remark, and the passengers laughed. It seemed very excusable; for in getting through the fence the poor woman had made sad work with her black bonnet, and now taking a seat beside a well-dressed lady, really looked as if she had been blown there by a whirlwind. This was a new piece of fun, and the girl made the most of it. She caricatured the old lady upon a card; pretended, when she was not looking, to take patterns of her bonnet; and various other ways sought to raise a laugh. At length the poor woman turned a pale face towards her.

"My dear," said she, "you are young, healthy and happy. I have been so, too, but that time is past. I am now decrepid and forlorn. This coach is taking me to the death-bed of my only child. And, then, my dear, I shall be a poor, old woman, all alone in a world, where merry girls think me a very amusing object. They will laugh at my old-fashioned clothes and odd appearance, forgetting that the old woman has a spirit that has loved and suffered and will live forever."

The coach now stopped before a poor looking house, and the old lady feebly descended the steps.

"How is she?" was the first trembling inquiry of the poor mother.

"Just alive," said the man who was leading her into the house.

Putting up the steps, the driver mounted his box, and we were upon the road again. Our merry young friend had placed the card in her pocket. She was leaning her head upon her hand: and you may be assured I was not sorry to see a tear upon her fair young cheek. It was a good lesson, and one which we hoped would do her good.

Tobacco. There are about thirty species of tobacco, all possessing nearly the same properties. It is said the plant was first found in Yucatan. It was taken to Spain and from there to Portugal. From Portugal it was carried to different European kingdoms. Snuff-taking commenced in Paris, Catherine de Medicis, whose name has an unpleasant history, from its connection with the massacre of Protestants, being its first patron. Soon after the settlement of this country it became an important article of commerce, and one hundred and twenty pounds was the stipend paid for a wife by some of the early settlers of Virginia.

☞ The *Court Circular* says: "The joke going round is that on the day of the Volunteer Review the Emperor of the French was seen under a tree in Hyde Park, dressed in shooting jacket and wide-awake, and with his cigar in his mouth. Stranger things have happened. Charles Edward had an interview in London with George III.; and the Great Napoleon, it is said, once ran over to have a quiet chat with Pitt."

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Augusta, Jan. 27, 1860. BENJ. A. G. FULLER. 7tf

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